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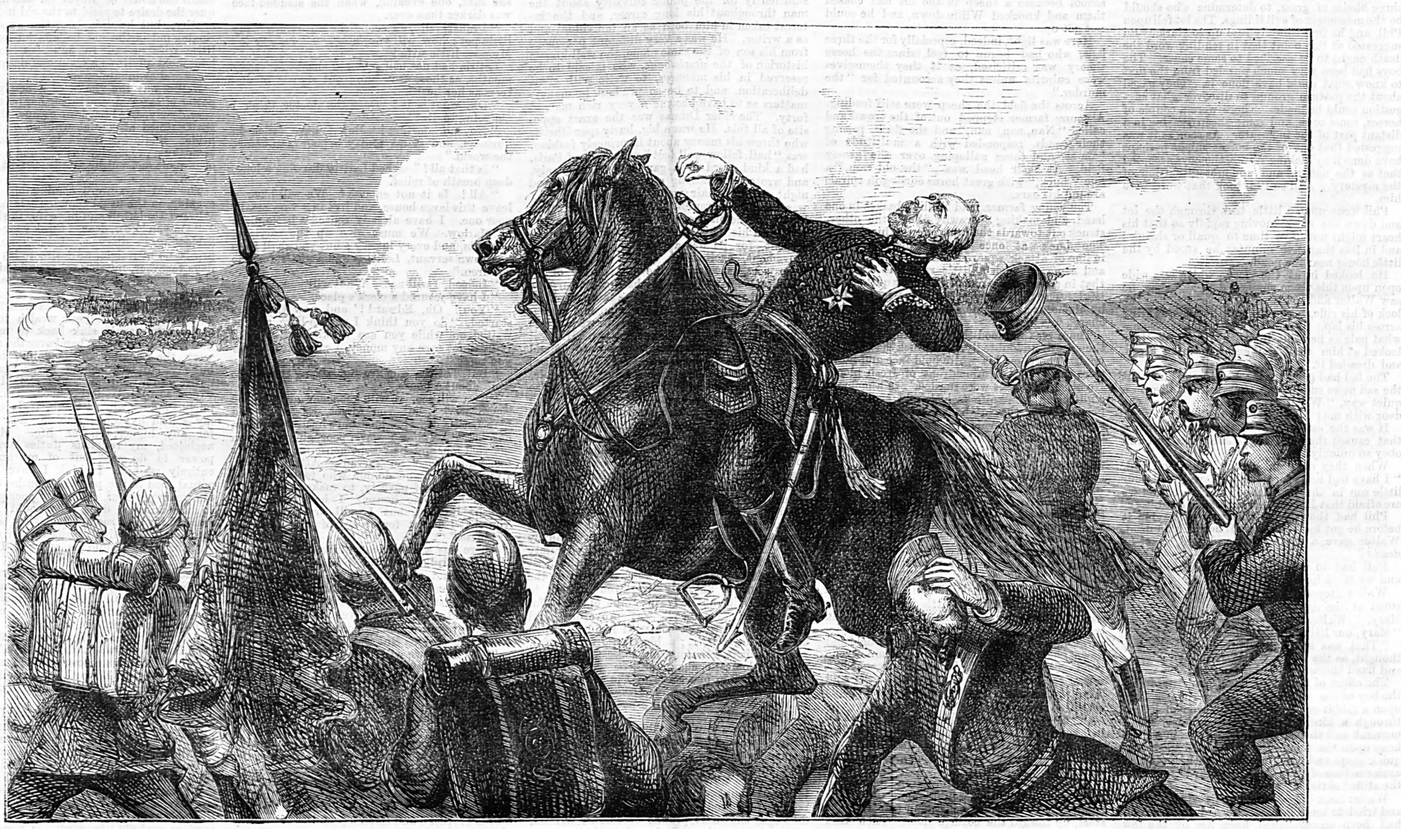
Death of Marshal Concha.

Marshal Concha, upon whom the whole management of the war against the Carlists devolved after Serrano's return to Madrid, undertook an assault on the positions around Estella, the chief stronghold of the insurgents. On the 26th of June, in pursuance of his operations, he made a sudden flank movement, by which he carried and held a number of villages to the north and east of the town, where Don Carlos was expected to arrive with his wife. The Republican General waited the greater part of the 27th, expecting the arrival of a convoy of provisions, but as it did not come he decided late on that day to commence the attack, when his troops were repulsed with heavy loss, being unable to resist bayonet charges. The Carlists descended from their positions, and again ascended the hill, where two batteries were placed. Marshal Concha then put himself at the head of the only three companies available, and a cavalry squadron, and moved forward to arrest the Carlist progress. While thus gallantly occupied leading on his men he was mortally wounded by a bullet about seven o'clock, and died in Abarzwza at 8.15, deeply lamented by his troops, whose love and respect he had won since taking the chief command.

Marshal Concha was in his eightieth year when he received his death-wound. He made his first essay of arms, while still a lad, during the war of independence against the great Napoleon. His reputation as a general was gained in the campaign against the South American colonies of Spain. He was an actor in all the civil wars of which his unhappy country has been the scene since the death of Ferdinand VII. When Isabella II. was dethroned, Marshal Concha continued a staunch partisan of the exiled dynasty, and took little part in public affairs throughout the dictatorship of Prim, the brief reign of Amadeus, and the presidency of Castelar. It was on the defeat of Moriones and the failure of Serrano that he was summoned from his retirement to take command of the Republican armies then engaged in raising the siege of Bilboa. The warfare against his old enemies, the Carlists, seemed to revive his youthful dash and vigour, and the reckless fearlessness with which he exposed his life brought him at last to a soldier's death.



DEATH OF MARSHAL CONCHA.

Showing Off.

The juvenile flunkey, in the first of our inside illustrations, has picked up a thing or two during his short engagement as a stable-boy, and he is trying to look as imposing as possible when he arrives in the midst of his little brothers and sisters and former companions. Standing, with one hand in his pocket, and the other holding an eyeglass, he is intent on showing the amused little group of boys and girls how his economical master, the lord of the manor, uses up the ends of old cigars. The boy stooping with his hands on his knees has evidently come cut with an exclamation which somewhat offends the dignity of the young flunkey swell, while the smallest child of the group holds back, half-afraid, at a respectful distance from the new arrival.

The Rescue.

Dogs, especially those of the Newfoundland breed, have not unfrequently exhibited their affection and fidelity by rescuing children, and grown-up persons too, when they were in great danger of being drowned. There are few who cannot recall the stories they have read on this subject with thrilling hearts. And we hold that the noble, faithful dog who plunges into the water, and brings a drowning child ashore, is as much entitled to a medal of the Royal Humane Society as the seaman who, with brave and generous impulse, dives head-foremost over the bulwarks to try and save his comrade who has accidentally fallen overboard. In the eye of the heroic dog, depicted in our last engraving, there is a yearning earnestness of expression that gives the animal almost a human look. The look signifies that nothing would please the brave Newfoundlander more than to see the poor little fellow whom he has rescued showing symptoms of returning life.

Making Flower Wreaths.

Little needs to be said in explanation of the engraving in which the ladies are represented gathering flowers and making wreaths. The spot, enriched with grass and blooms, is suggestive of the heat, the glow, and luxuriance of July days. The basket with provisions shows that the cozy nook at the foot of the grassy embankment is a favourite place of resort in summer time, and that the ladies who go thither flower-gathering remain long enough to feel the appetising effects of fresh country air.

Chained in a Dungeon.

About a year ago, says an American paper, one A. W. Fullie moved into a frame cottage in Atchinson, Kansas, and for several months was engaged in "tinkering" about the premises. He was about forty years of age, was quite reticent, and lived the life of a hermit, except that a young woman was frequently seen about the place. The neighbours became curious, and one or two women went over to see the new comers. The man met them at the gate, and asked whom they wished to see. Mrs. Ashbach, one of the callers, informed him that they had called over to see the ladies. He thanked them, but told them that he was living there with one daughter, whose mind was not very strong. One day a woman took occasion in his temporary absence to see his daughter. She verified the man's story in regard to the girl, who seemed about twenty years of age. All the winter the man was continually seen around his house. Occasionally, at night, a frightful cry was heard from the house. Marshal Crall was informed, and for several days he had the house "shadowed," or closely watched, when, the man not being seen one day, it was determined to at least see the cause, and, accompanied by an officer, he entered the house. The girl seemed frightened to death. After some looking around, Marshal Crall approached a door leading to the cellar. The girl told him not to go there. Lighting a lamp, the officers proceeded to the cellar. In one corner, upon a dirty filthy pallet, lay a half-naked woman, chained with an iron band around her ankle to a staple in the wall. But one little aperture permitted ventilation, and the hole had a sickening deathly smell, that was caused by non-ventilation and the dirty, filthy surroundings. On a box, in a dirty old yellow dish, was some filthy-looking meat and some stale bread. The chain was taken off her leg by the use of a small iron bar and a file, and the poor woman stood on her feet. The story was soon gathered from the woman and the girl, and it is as full of cruelty and barbarism as could be conceived. For one year the woman had thus been confined, and never once saw the light. The girl said the woman was her stepmother, and was crazy; but the quiet manner in which the woman acted would tend to dissipate the story. The poor woman, nearly dead from the excitement, was taken by the neighbours, kindly washed, dressed, and cared for, and by the change would hardly be known. She is a tolerably fair-looking woman, and doesn't bear the appearance of harming an infant. She seems in constant dread and misery lest she should be taken back to the hideous hole from which she was rescued, and is continually enquiring if she is in heaven. The inhuman husband has probably escaped, and on a visit to the house to arrest the daughter it was discovered that she was also gone.

The Witch-Burning in Mexico.

Full particulars have now reached this country of the recent burning in Mexico of two unfortunate wretches accused of witchcraft. The official narratives of the arrest and execution form by far the most astonishing public documents that have been issued for generations. "I inform your Prefecture," says Signor Ignacio Castillo, writing from the village of Concordia to the Prefect of the district, as if he were relating the capture of a burglar, "that this afternoon I ordered to be arrested as witches Joseph N. Bonilla and Diego Lugo, who for six months past have bewitched Silvester Zacarias." It appears attempts had been made to exorcise the supposed evil spirit, for we read that "yesterday the citizen Martin Porras, in order to drive the devil out of his body, gave to the bewitched three drinks of holy water." The effect must have been slight, since we are further informed that "the undersigned, in union with the people of the place, feeling indignant against the witches, has ordered that they should be arrested and burned alive, which execution will take place at 10 o'clock to-night." Accordingly, at the appointed time, the witches were brought out, placed in the centre of the bonfire, and surrounded by a square of sixty men, armed with Mexican knives. Then, when all was ready, the fire was lighted by persons surmised to have been accomplices of the condemned. No sooner, however, had the flames begun to spread, than the victims, on a promise of giving up their idols, were unbound and conducted, amidst a shouting multitude, to their house, when they handed to the proper authorities, "a little pouched-shaped loadstone, and stones from the sea-shore, enveloped in cotton and paper." But this did not satisfy the people, who demanded the execution of the witches, and the burning of the idols, "which," writes the official reporter, Signor Moreno, "was done, as I have already announced." The same personage describes the demeanour of the condemned under their sufferings, and in forwarding to the Prefect the burned idols for examination, informs that functionary that other persons suspected of the same crime had "fled from fear," for, he adds, "Why have they fled, if not on account of their evil doings? because the rope which is clean does not need any soap." The worthy official was clearly pleased with his day's work, for his communication concludes gaily in these words: "This is the manner in which I have passed the morning mentioned and of which I placed you in knowledge. Independence and liberty!" It is right to add, in favour of Mexican justice, that Signor Ignacio Castillo, Signor Moreno, and their associates, have been arrested and are now being tried for murder.

Cheating Gamblers' Room.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* relates the following: The demolition of the Mead House, at the corner of Montgomery and Pine-streets, has developed some facts of startling interest. The Mead House was a rendezvous for the gambling fraternity from early in 1865 to December, 1871, when the police raided upon it and disturbed operations. Until this raid the game of faro was conducted in the building in a quiet and orderly manner, and with fair profit, the net earnings reaching 65,000 dols. for a single year. This was in reality a working men's bank. Here the working classes deposited large sums of money, and were not troubled with bank books.

A few days ago, while the workmen were taking down the walls, a number of suspicious characters were observed hanging about the spot and watching the proceedings with great interest. While knocking away the wall of one of the lower rooms the workmen were somewhat puzzled by the manner of the strangers. Three of them suddenly walked up to the spot and watched every blow of the axe with the keenest scrutiny. Suddenly a gap was made in the wall, and the next blow of the axe caused a peculiar sound as if a musical instrument had been struck. On examination it was discovered three wires were running from floor to ceiling.

An investigation of the walls of the whole house was now commenced, and the revelations were, indeed, of the most startling character. In one of the rooms on the upper floor was an arrangement which enabled a player to know exactly what his opponent held. Directly over the table in the centre of the room was a small hole in the ceiling through which the confederate watched the game. Wires ran along the ceiling to the floor, and terminated in levers beneath the carpet, upon which the cheating gambler placed his foot; as these wires were pulled, the number of taps telegraphed the course of action to pursue.

The faro room was the most ingeniously contrived thing in the house. In the first place, wires ran from the door so that a signal was given when it opened, and in an instant everything was in readiness for the drop. This was accomplished by two levers and a space beneath let into the floor. In a second the gamblers withdrew from the table, each man, of course, grabbing his checks and money, and by a motion of the levers the yawning floor opened, and down went the whole "layout."

Blood for Blood.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little dead boy. This is the way it was. We were three country lads going home across the fields at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying ahead of us upon the grass. We made a race for it and Ed captured the prize, a little further on we picked up a small hat which we at once recognised as Willie Dedrick's. Then we turned the angle of the zig-zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie, only five years old.

His clothing was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was so still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It shocked us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the pond. We felt that it was a terrible thing to find him dead in this unlooked-for manner. We asked each other what Walter and Mary would do when they should hear of this; Willie was the only boy they had. And then the question came up what *we* ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank, to the pond where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the chubby little boy and carry him home. But we shrank from the presence of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides that, we had certain dim and confused ideas, as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a coroner was necessary, and that it would not be lawful or safe for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stones near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed and no secretary, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies; nevertheless in all the essentials of a great council this occasion was very eminent.

It was an august presence, and the boys felt their responsibility more than members of councils ordinarily do. Their final conclusion was, that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion, for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lot was cast, country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The boys had been very much puzzled from the first to know what *could* have done it. They gazed about the pasture ground to discover what suggestion could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows, and some sheep grazing in a distant part of the inclosure. As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, moving rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the lock of his rifle, while the gun itself was lying across his lap. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and dreaded it.

The lad had good sense; he did not blurt out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please step out of the door with me; I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you; we have found your little son in the lot kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he said dead, Walter gave a little start and said, "Is he *dead?*"

Phil had to say, "Yes, we are afraid he is, and we *think* he is."

Walter stepped into the cottage and Phil stood at the door to see how he would tell Mary. Walter said without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

"That was not a prudent thing," the boy thought, as the tragic words fell upon his ear and fixed themselves in his memory.

The effect of the words upon Mary reminded the boy of the way he had seen a rifle-shot tell upon a rabbit or partridge. The woman passed through a kind of flutter or shudder for a moment and then sunk straight down in a little heap upon the floor. Then followed a series of quick gasps and catching for breath, and short exclamations of "Oh dear! oh dear!" and then the stifled shrieking began.

Walter took his wife up in his strong arms, and tried to undo in part the sad work which had been accomplished upon her by the few words he had so suddenly and imprudently uttered. He said that Willie might not be dead after all, but only hurt. And then he placed her upon a bed, and he and Phil left her there and started off to see Willie.

Not many words were said as the man and boy climbed the bank and strode hastily along to the fatal spot. As they neared it, there sat the two watchers, faithful to their post and as still as statues.

Phil and Walter turned the angle of the fence, and the father came up to the body of his little son. He had not seemed stricken with grief until now, but only excited. As he looked steadily upon the chubby little form, all battered and bloody and bruised, the lad who had brought him there felt that some word must be said.

"It's a kick, aint it?" said he.

This was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment, perhaps. The poor father choked and trembled, and replied, "A kick or a bite or something—oh dear!" And then he turned his head and looked away, and there was the sound of his sobbing, and a strange, moaning cry.

Walter would not stay by the body, but directed the boys to remain and watch while he himself went and brought his friend the doctor. And then he turned away and went off over the fields toward the settlement, uttering loud sobs and that same strange cry.

It was hardly more than ten minutes' walk down to the road toward which Walter directed his steps, and in a very short time the boys saw groups of men coming from the houses, up the acclivity toward the fatal spot. They came hastily, two and three together, and soon a dozen or more were gathered around the three boys who had watched, and were gazing at the body.

After the first look the men made characteristic remarks,

"That *is* a rough piece of business!" said Dan.

"Fearful!" said Pete.

"That's durn queer work for a horse, now, ain't it?" said Levi, a tall, keen fellow, intended by nature for a lawyer.

"It don't look like a horse to me," said another.

And so they went on to comment and examine. It appeared that the rail under which Willie was jammed was dented and marked as if hammered by many blows. The three innocent boys who had originated the "horse-theory," as the men called it, accounted for the marks on the rail by saying that the horse pawed at Willie after he was under the fence.

The men said they knew better; they began to question the boys as if they entertained suspicions in regard to them, and the boys became very uncomfortable. The men asked repeatedly just how the body was lying when the boys had found it, and inquired again and again whether they had moved it at all. The lads felt these insinuations very keenly.

Men continued to come, and at length women came in groups, until quite an assembly was gathered there in the open field. Finally Walter returned slowly up the hill with a few friends, as if he were reluctant to come again to the place. Just as he reached the spot, good old Father Mosely and his wife, a sharp, managing woman, came from the opposite direction and met Walter. Father and Mother Mosely lived down by the school-house at the other side of the settlement.

Mother Mosely at once seized hold of Walter, and while she wrung his hand exclaimed in a high voice, that seemed to the boys not a becoming or natural voice in which to express grief—

"Oh, Walter! we can't give him up; no, no, no, oh dear!"

The gesticulation which accompanied this was tragic and stagey, and it was by far the most theatrical thing done upon that occasion.

Father Mosely spoke a few words which interested the people very much. Hearing some allusion made to the "horse theory" he said—

"The little boy down at the school says it was a sheep that did it."

And then it came out that Willie's playmate, Charlie Sanders, was "the little boy down at the school," and that Charlie had cried all the forenoon, and dared not tell the teacher what the matter was; but finally at the noon-spell he told a little girl that Willie did not come to school because a sheep in the lot had chased them and knocked Willie down, and he could not get up.

Here was light, indeed, especially for the three lads, who had begun to feel, since the horse theory was criticised, as if they themselves were culprits unless they accounted for "the murder."

Across the field the sheep were still feeding. A young farmer stepped out of the crowd and called "Nan, nan, nan," and the flock, raising their heads, responded with a multitude of ba-a-as, and came galloping over the grassy field. At their head was "the old ram," a fine "buck," with great horns curling in spirals around his ears.

The young farmer held Willie's basket in one hand, and making a brawny fist of the other, struck out towards the ram, offering him battle. The buck at once brought his head down in line of attack, squared himself for a big butt, and came on with a little run, and a charge that in an artistic point of view was quite beautiful. The farmer, stepping aside, caught him by his horns as he came, and that magnificent charge was his last.

There was a blood-thirsty feeling pervading the crowd, undoubtedly, but Buck had a fair trial. There on his white bold face and horns were the bright carmine drops of fresh blood. No other witnesses were needed. In a moment a glittering keen knife flashed from somebody's keeping into the bright sunshine, and in a moment more a purple stream dyed the white wool around Buck's throat, and there was a red pool upon the grass; and a little later, as Dan remarked, "some tough mutton."

The excitement abated; for the mystery was cleared up, and justice had its due. Kind-hearted Joe, who superintended the Sabbath-school and led the religious element of the neighbourhood, stepped forward and said to the crowd:

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no suspicion and no need of any ceremony; let us take him home."

And then Joe took Willie in his arms, and held him closely with his little face against his own, as if he were still living, and started for the cottage. Some of the people followed in a picturesque procession, through the pasture field and down the bank and along by the shore of the pond. When Walter's house was reached, a few of the women went in to soothe Mary; and Joe and the doctor went in also, and the people clustered about the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that all had been done that could be done for Walter and Mary, and the people, except a few, who remained as watchers and helpers, dispersed to their homes.

Now and then groups of children, dressed in their Sunday attire, would come down the bank, and with hushed voices and fearful looks steal, up toward the cottage door. Then kind Joe would see them and would come out and take them in to see Willie; and after a few moments they would issue forth again, and walk sadly homeward, and as they went the sunlight dried their tears.

Anecdote of Carlyle.

On one occasion, it is related when a lady of distinction—at whose house the Scotch philosopher was a guest—bewailed the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving Jesus as their Saviour, she finished her diatribe against them by saying, "How different would have been his reception had He appeared in our own time! How delighted we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His Divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" The plain-spoken philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broadest Scotch accent, "No, madam, I don't. I think, had He come with plenty of money, and good recommendations, and fashionably dressed, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honour to receive from your ladyship a card of invitation on the back of which would be written, 'To meet our Saviour;' but if He had come denouncing those aristocrats, the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and Radicals of the day, we should have treated him now very much as the Jews did then, and cried out, '*Take him to Newgate and hang him!*'"

The Favourite Child.

Which of five snowdrops would the moon
  Think whitest, if the moon could see?
Which of five rosebuds flushed with June
  Were reddest to the mother-tree?
Which of five birds, that play one tune
  On their soft-shining throats, may be
  Chief singer? Who will answer me?

Would not the moon know, if around
  One snowdrop any shadow lay?—
Would not the rose-tree, if the ground
  Should let one blossom droop a day;
Does not the one bird take a sound
  Into the cloud, when caught away,
  Finer than all the sounds that stay?

Oh, little, quiet boy of mine,
  Whose yellow head lies languid here—
Poor yellow head, its restless shine
  Brightened the butterflies last year!—
Whose pretty hands may intertwine
  With paler hands unseen but near:
  You are my favourite now, I fear!

—*Mrs. Miatt.*

Dumas the Elder.

In his "Causeries" and "Bric-à-brac," the old French romance-writer, Alexandre Dumas, presents an interesting account of his habits of composition, and the origin and "inspiration" of his various works. The literary status of the author does not seem to be accurately settled in this country. He is ranked generally with the great crowd of *sensation* novelists, who have given a bad name to modern French literature; and perhaps is not considered the most eminent even of that fraternity. In France his standing is much higher, and he retains his popularity when Sue, Soulié, and others are well-nigh forgotten.

If there were any questions of this literary prominence, it would be set at rest by the large space given to Dumas in M. Jules Janin's able and brilliant "History of Dramatic Literature," a work which has extorted the admiration of the first critics of France. The famous old novelist is there drawn at full length, and the personality depicted is so eccentric and entertaining that it accounts sufficiently for the public curiosity about the man throughout his long career, and the interest taken in him both as an individual and as a writer. He was a very different personage from his son of the same name, the well-known historian of the *demimonde*, who is said to be reserved in his manners, to write with great deliberation, and to be so prudent in money-matters as to have become a very rich man at forty. The elder Dumas was the exact opposite of all this. He was a big, burly spendthrift, who threw his money about in princely fashion, was "hail fellow well met" with half of Paris, had a kind word or a gay jest for everybody, and wrote at headlong speed, almost day and night, until his hair was grey. Physically he was a sort of Hercules. He was above six feet high, had the olive complexion of a Moor, blue eyes, and his "kinky" hair showed his African descent—for he was a full-blooded quadroon. Movement, excitement, and "sensation" of some sort, seemed to be a necessity of his organisation, and for nearly half a century he continued to attract a very large share of public attention to himself by his amusing eccentricities—the consequence, it appeared, of his immense vanity and self-appreciation. His best friends were wholly unable, indeed, to defend him from this latter charge—they acknowledged it, and laughed at the trait. They were able, however, to claim for him, with justice, the praise of being a devoted son and father, a warm and disinterested friend, and a man of royal generosity in money matters. Money seemed, in fact, to burn the old romancer's pockets. What he made to-day he squandered to-morrow—if he ever waited so long before throwing it away. It is said that his creditors were obliged to meet periodically for the settlement of his affairs, and that he was incessantly harassed by this disagreeable state of things; but being "in hot-water" did not seem to affect his good spirits or even annoy him. He remained to the last full of gaiety and *bonhommie*, ready to laugh on the least provocation, to tell a good story for the amusement of anybody who would listen to him, to help anybody in want of help—for his goodness of heart was proverbial—and thus he went through life with his hand open and his heart in it; a big, fat, frank, jovial, vain, brilliant, generous, old *homme de lettres*—not a "domestic character," or we fear very "reputable" in one sense of the word, but an attractive human being, from the entire absence in his character of anything petty, calculating, or hypocritical.

In his literary phase Alexandre Dumas the author was a sort of "continuation" of Alexandre Dumas the man. He wrote headlong, and there seems reason to conclude that in the mere number of his books—or at least in the amount of manuscript which his unresting pen produced—he excelled even Lope de Véga, the most prolific of known writers, with this exception. It is not our purpose to estimate the relative value of the works of the two writers; and the mere amount of an author's production is of little importance. Half of Dumas' books will perish speedily, but many will live; and perhaps on account of the very rapidity and fervour of their composition, from which they derive a certain charm not found in more deliberate writing. Deliberate composition seemed, indeed, an impossibility with him. Careless of grace and that nice finish of style and phrase which afford so much enjoyment to the literary epicure, he wrote at a gallop, never paused to select a word, but took the first that came, and never so much as crossed his *t's* or dotted his *i's*, or made an accent or exclamation mark. He makes this statement himself, to account in part for his rapidity of composition; and states further that he was accustomed to write *fifteen hours* a day throughout the year, and to sleep but four. This is an almost incredible assertion, but the old quadroon really does appear to have had no "nerves." He was not so much a human being, with flesh, and blood, and muscles, which incessant labour could weary, as a machine holding a pen, which, once wound up and set going, ran day and night until a certain amount of manuscript was produced. The machine went on in this fashion for nearly half a century, grinding out incredible piles of written sheets, for which the publishers paid the author a very large amount of money. The ceaseless production continued thus with unabated vigour until one day, by accident, as it were, rather than from the exhaustion of his vitality, the old, fat, jovial novelist dropped into his grave, and the busy pen was still.—*John E. Cooke.*

The Husband's Plot.

"But, doctor, what is the matter with Mrs. Underhill? You say she has no disease, and yet she is sick all the time."

"Shall I tell you frankly what is the matter with your wife?"

Dr. Graves, as he spoke, fixed a pair of keen eyes upon the frank, kindly face of the man opposite to him, smiling a little as he did so.

"I wish you would," was the earnest reply. "I am very anxious about her."

"She is too rich—too much humoured and petted. There is no object in her life worth making an exertion to gain, so she lives in a state of dull indolence that is rapidly sapping away youth, health, and strength."

"You think her suffering is all imaginary?"

"I think nothing of the kind. She suffers from dyspepsia and neuralgia, and suffers terribly; but both of these complaints would vanish, if she had plenty of healthy, interesting exercise—if she was obliged, for instance, to do her own housework, tend her own children, and walk two miles a day, she would get well."

The rich merchant, who had given his petted little wife every luxury and indulgence money could procure for her, rose with a sigh, overwhelmed by the idea that he was actually killing her in the process of loving her.

"I will try to persuade her to take more exercise, doctor," he said.

"Do so, and you will do more toward curing her than all my doses ever can."

But Letitia Underhill looked into the face of her tender, careful husband, and shuddered when he proposed long daily walks.

"You have no idea how weak I am, Edward," she said. "It is positive cruelty for Dr. Graves to insist upon my walking. There, don't look so solemn. I'll soon be well again."

And the thin little hand caressed her husband's cheek, while Letitia looked lovingly into his anxious, troubled eyes. His heart sank as he noted how very pale and thin his wife was, and how wearily her pretty head drooped upon his shoulder. It did seem cruel to urge her to make any exertion, so he read to her, and caressed her, and tried to believe she knew more about herself than the doctor.

This was in the winter, but before spring opened Letitia Underhill, watching her husband's face with love's penetrating eyes, saw that he was oppressed with some secret trouble he seemed anxious to conceal from her. Day after day his fits of silent musing, his air of care, oppressed her more and more, till she could bear it no longer.

"Edward, tell me what is troubling you," she said, one evening, when the clouded face was darker than ever.

"I must tell you soon," he answered, "my little pet; how will you, how can you bear it? My poor little wife!"

Letitia had not had such red cheeks for many months, as those that hung out signals of distress as her husband spoke.

"Oh, what is it? Does the doctor think I am going to die?"

"No, no, darling! But I have failed in business, and stand to-day a poor man before the world."

"Is that all?" sighed Letitia, drawing a long, deep breath of relief.

"All! Is it not enough? We will have to leave this large house, and live in a very small, poor one. I have already rented a little place at Marlow. We must give up the carriage, servants, and every luxury; but you shall keep your own servant, Letitia, and a nurse for the children."

"Indeed, I will not. What will you do?"

"I have secured a clerk's place."

"You! Oh, Edward!" and now the tears started, "do you think I will lie here, and be waited on, while you are working as a clerk? If I cannot earn any money, I can at least save you some."

"But, Letitia, you are not strong enough to work about a house."

"You will see. I will keep one girl for the rough work; but you forget, Edward," and here Letitia drew her husband's head down upon her breast, "that I was a poor girl when you married me, and had kept house for my father for years, with no servant. After he died, I remember, if you do not, who took me from my lonely life of poverty, to make me mistress of his handsome house. I have been very selfish, Edward, but I will try to prove to you that I do not forget any of your love and kindness."

There was a suspicious quivering of the lips that kissed Letitia, and Edward Underhill's eyes were not quite dry as he looked into the earnest, sweet face of his wife; but he only said:

"I had rather you would not mention what I have told you to any one yet, Letitia. Can you be ready to move on Thursday?"

"Quite ready. But the house?"

"The house we will occupy is furnished, and I will see to everything here. If there is any furniture you would like sent to Marlow, I will have a dray here on Thursday for it."

"My sewing-machine, and some of the nursery things, had better go."

"All right. You select what you want."

Thursday morning found the family all ready for the start to the new home. Nellie and Eddie, seven and nine years old, in a state of high delight at the prospect of a country home; and the two-year-old baby, Willie, kicking his fat legs, and saying, "chicky cow and pretty!" to all his brother's and sister's promises of country pleasure.

"Our last ride in our own carriage," said Mr. Underhill, sighing, as he made all comfortable for his family.

"Never mind," Letitia said, cheerfully; "we have all got our feet and legs left," and she laughed merrily as Willie held up his for special inspection.

"If you can get along without me, Letitia," her husband said, "I will drive back to the city in the carriage, as I am very busy just now."

"Get along! Of course I can. Jenny must be at the house by this time, and I am sure Nelly and Eddie will help mamma."

"Help you do what?" Nellie asked.

"Cook, sweep, and wash."

"Mamma," cried the nine-year-old girl, "*you* are not going to cook and sweep? Mary says that is low, vulgar work, only fit for servants."

"Your nurse is quite mistaken, dear. Many a refined, educated lady is obliged by circumstances to do such work," said her father, gravely; "and I am quite sure, when mamma does it, that Eddie will bring her wood and coal, and you will try to be a useful little girl."

Eddie promptly promised his valuable assistance, but Nellie looked dismayed. The little house, when it was entered, also displeased this young lady very much. Ingrain carpets, cottage furniture, and small rooms, though they might be cheerful, new, and pleasant, were quite different from the surroundings in the city home; and Nellie's nose developed a decided upward tendency, not diminished by her mother's demands upon her time in the culinary department.

The first day sped along on fleet wings. It was soon found that Jenny's strong arms were fit for all really hard work, but that Jenny's intelligence was far below the capacity of cooking, or the control of any domestic department. She could sweep and dust; could lift and move weights that Letitia felt were impossible mountains for her little hands; and was invaluable in her fondness for baby Willie; but for "head work" she was quite unfit.

So it was the little wife herself who had to cook the simple dinner, set the table, and help fine lady Nellie to dress.

She was very glad, when the house was quiet for the night, to creep into her husband's strong arms, and rest there.

"You are so tired!" he said regretfully. "I am afraid you will be ill."

"I am very tired," she confessed, "but not the tiniest bit sick. Did you see the dinner I ate? I was never so hungry in my life. I shall soon cook nicer dinners than that for you, but I am out of practice. Oh! Edward," she continued, sitting erect, "what a little idiot Nellie is! I never saw such airs. You see," and she blushed deeply, "I have left them to Mary and their school-teacher so much, that I had no idea what silly ideas she and Eddie had of their own importance. I felt to-day like the fine lady in the picture, who had her children held off from her once a week, while she inspected them through an opera-glass."

"But, Letitia, you must not take them from school. Their education, in addition to your other duties, will be too much for you to undertake."

"We will find a good school near here, and I will make them plain, strong clothes to run about in. Nell minces along as if she was afraid the ground would bite her. I do wish you could have seen her face when I made her peel the potatoes."

"But can't Jenny do that?"

"Jenny will be kept busy in rough work. I am not strong yet, dear."

Edward Underhill's heart contracted with a sudden pang as he looked into the pale, brave face; but he saw that the eyes were bright with an animation they had not known for years, and that there was no look of suffering visible.

Before the summer was over, the merchant found himself wondering if this was really his invalid wife, his fine lady daughter, and his pale-faced son. He had not been told of the hours of lassitude and discouragement Letitia had successfully battled, and finally entirely conquered. He saw only how the pale, thin face rounded and brightened, how the little figure grew erect and active; how the faint, dull voice grew clear and ringing. He never heard the hours of prayer for strength to conquer the desire to yield to the old indolence and apathy, but he did hear the sweet soprano ringing out in the old ballads he loved, as the little wife moved to and fro, reducing all household affairs to a science of dainty management and exquisite order.

Nellie was the victim of a newly-developed power of sarcasm, and loving her pretty mamma very dearly, tried hard to escape the stinging shafts aimed at her absurdities of vanity and pride. Eddie was found to earn some of the same, by a propensity to brag and a vocabulary of profane and vulgar words caught up in the street.

The cold days were coming on, when, one evening, in the usual confidential talk between Edward Underhill and his wife, the lady said:

"Do you know, dear, I think your failure was a blessing in disguise. I have no more dyspepsia, no neuralgia, no desire to lay in bed for days together, nursing aches and pains."

"Then you would not like to take up the old life again?"

"I never could," was the earnest reply. "If you were to regain your wealth to-morrow, I could never again sink back to my wickedly useless life. I might hand over the actual hard work, the cooking and cleaning, to servants, but my children should never again be left entirely to hired care, and I should take daily exercise in visiting the poor. Oh, Edward, I fairly shudder when I think, if I had died in my selfish hypochondriacism, how unfit I was for any higher, purer life. My children neglected, my religious duties forgotten, my power to do good out of my ample means entirely wasted. I think I have done more actual good in the past six months, than in the ten years previous. So many poor people come to the kitchen door, who could never have reached my sick room. And they are grateful for food and clothing we shall never miss."

"Then you would be sorry if I were rich again, Letitia?"

The little wife's face was very grave.

"No," she said, honestly, "I should be glad for many reasons. I would like more leisure to read and write, and to give to the children. I should like to gather my friends around me sometimes, to have time for charity, and to drop the coarser work. Don't think," she added hastily, "that I am discontented; I am not. I am glad to help you, Edward, and very happy; but you asked me, and I could only answer truthfully."

"I asked you, Letitia, because I think my medicine has worked a perfect cure. Doctor Graves was so positive about the necessity for exertion, and so dismal about the actual danger of longer idleness, that I arranged a little deception to carry out his views. Will you forgive me, Letitia, if I tell you your own health was the only necessity for this summer of deprivation and toil? We can return to our own house, carriage, and old life, whenever you are ready."

"To the old home; never, I hope, to the old life," Letitia replied.

"Then you are not angry with me?"

"Was it not done for my sake, Edward? Was it not one more proof of your love? You have suffered more than I have while I was working."

"No; for in every dish you prepared, every act of household duty you performed, I knew you were proving your love for me, your desire to aid me, as well as perfecting your own cure."

Letitia was right in her prophecies of the future. Once more mistress of her luxurious home, she found employment for busy days, leaving no time for imaginary pains to pave the way to real illness. Faithfully she fills the duties of wife and mother, while the poor around her bless her for kind sympathy and counsel, as well as for substantial aid.

And Dr. Graves compliments Mr. Underhill upon his successful treatment of his only patient.

Foote and Dr. Johnson.—Tom Davis, one evening, related to the doctor the intention of Foote to personify his figure, dress, and manner upon the stage. "Well," says the doctor, "what is the price of a good stick?" "Sixpence," said Tom. "Then buy me a shilling one," added the doctor, "for, on the night he does so, I'll be in the stage-box; and, if the rascal attempts it, I'll do myself justice on his carcass, in face of that audience, who, witnessing my disgrace, shall also be spectators of his punishment." Foote, on hearing this, very wisely abandoned his project.

News Miscellany.

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A Duel and Its Results.—Upwards of a month ago M. Fontaenas, the Echevin of Public Instruction in Brussels, a married man, eloped with a young lady who was the teacher at one of the public schools. He resigned his place, and the young lady's brother challenged him; the duel was fought, and the brother of the young lady received a severe wound from which he died. Fontaenas was arrested, and he has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and 2000f. fine. The seconds were ordered to undergo each a month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of 100f.

Throwing an Egg at a Judge.—The extraordinary offence of throwing an egg at a judge was committed by M. Baud, and was tried before the Correctional Court of Geneva. The offender was condemned to five months' imprisonment. An incident occurred after the sentence had been pronounced, worth mentioning. A friend of the condemned approached him, and, addressing him, said in a loud voice, that "it was a heavy punishment for having served his country." The judge had him arrested at once, and afterwards ordered him to be imprisoned for 24 hours.

Perils of Emigrant Girls.—Emigrant girls to America are beset with a great many perils upon landing in New York. A Liverpool contemporary says that the Castle Garden is besieged with persons who make a living by luring girls to destruction, high prices being obtained from Chicago. Quite a number of young girls have lately mysteriously disappeared. A "lady" and "gentleman" have just been arrested, and the statement of an intended victim leaves little doubt as to the cause of the disappearances. The "gentleman" is a keeper of an intelligence office, and the "lady" paid him a fee of three dollars for aiding her to procure the girl.

The "Double" of a Chinese Bride.—The *Shun-pao* gives the following story: "A certain inhabitant of Pao-shan Hsien (near Woosung) recently resolved to get married, and all proper arrangements having been made, the bride left her father's house on the 27th of the moon before last. She had about five *li* to go, and on her way had to pass through a place where there were a lot of graves and dense thickets of trees—in fact as wild and weird-looking a place as could well be imagined. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening when she got to this spot, and suddenly the chair coolies felt the chair get much heavier. Thinking, however, that this was merely due to their own fatigue, they kept on their way, and in due time arrived at the bridegroom's house. The chair was set down and the curtain raised, when lo and behold, there was seen to be not one maiden, but two inside, exactly alike in form and feature, dress and bearing. Everybody cried out with astonishment, but no one could tell which was which, and the marriage ceremonies came to a standstill. In haste the bride's mother was sent for, but she also was unable to tell the true one from the false. However, she bethought herself of a plan which might settle the point. She knew that her daughter could weave three pieces of cloth in a day, and so she suggested that if the two were set to weave against one another, it would soon appear, from the ability displayed, which was the true daughter. Accordingly looms were brought and the two wove from morning to night, but finished their tasks at the same time to a minute. Both the girls are still there and cannot be got rid of; it is said they are sending for the magistrate to look into the matter, and also to the 'Dragon and Tiger' mountain in Kiangsi, to fetch the 'Master of Heaven' to exorcise the 'double' which thus haunts the girl. All the country people will tell you this story, but whether it is to be believed or not we leave our readers to determine."

Midsummer Eve in Rome.—A correspondent in Rome writes—I cannot describe the moonlight beauty of Midsummer Eve. There was a deliciously cool air, breathing refreshment after the heat of the day, and at midnight the fair began at St. John Lateran. Both the vast piazzas fronting the north and south doors of the church were crowded with Romans of the lower orders, who spend the night there eating snails *per divorzione*, the young people exchanging carnations which have been blessed, and their parents buying lavender, which is considered good against moths. This festival is as old as the days when Ceres was worshipped in the same place. In spite of the quantity of wine imbibed, there was no disturbance; and, as soon as the day began to dawn, "the Mother and Head of all the Churches" opened her doors, and the people streamed in to early masses and communions.

Hairbreadth Escapes from Discovery and Death.—*Allen's Indian Mail* says: Mr. Johnson, the missionary of whose peaceful raid across the Punjab frontier, and subsequent recapture we heard some months ago, has lately published an account of his adventures. Starting from Peshawur in disguise, with a caravan bound for Kabul, he had several narrow escapes from discovery and consequent death on his way through the border tribes. Spies dogged his steps, and scowling villagers made him feel very uncomfortable. A Pathan whom he met called him a Farangi, but a friendly fellow-traveller disarmed the man's suspicions by saying that he had come from Kashgar. The spies were heavily bribed to hold their tongues. Once safe in the Ameer's own dominions, Mr. Johnson avowed himself a Christian Fakir. "No sooner had I muttered the words, 'I am not a Mussulman,' than they all shrank from me as from an unclean animal. The Afghan said to me, 'I know you by your eyes, you Feringee Kaffir.' An old and respectable man, evidently the chief of the village, said to me very kindly, 'You need not fear; no one will kill you here in Shere Ali Khan's territory.' The corporal also said, 'All are allowed to pass here, Kaffirs, every one.' The people of the caravan were in a great state of excitement, and said, 'If this had been known in the hills we should have been cut to pieces.' They joked much with my guide on his cleverness in bringing me through, and said, 'We must watch him closely at night, or the Pathans from the hills will kill him.'" The village people seemed friendly, but some of the Pathans used threatening language. At Jellalabad one of them made as if he would plunge his dagger into the Christian's breast. The Khan of Jellalabad asked him many questions at a public audience, and bade him sing some of his Christian hymns. An Afghan guard was placed over him, and after five days' detention at Jellalabad he was sent back under escort to Lalpurah, the Khan of which, after allowing him to preach to the assembled court and soldiers, conducted him to the Kabul river whence he was safely escorted back to Peshawur. No sooner had he reached the British frontier than he took off his turban and shoes, and thanked God for bringing him back in safety. He certainly had good cause for thankfulness, and he may even be right in thinking that Afghanistan is "less firmly closed to the Christian in particular than to the European as such." But his notion that the British Government should demand protection for missionaries alone is one which only a missionary could entertain.

A Juggler with the Pistol.—The *Herald of Atlanta* says: "Bradley Collins, who went down into Texas last fall, and is reported killed, was almost equal to a juggler in his skill with the pistol. He had a heavy Colt's dragoon shooter, with which he could pick the spots out of the six of hearts, up one side and down the other, at eight paces. He would toss his pistol up in the air and then throw up an empty bottle after it; catching the pistol by the butt as it came down, he would cock it, fire, and shatter the bottle before it struck the ground. He did nothing but maraud and loaf about, and practise pistol-shooting all his time."

Terrible Series of Crimes.—A terrible series of crimes has been discovered at Saint Denis, the circumstances of which may be briefly stated as follows: A herbalist at Saint Denis, named Moreau, having lost his wife after a few months of wedlock, married again very hastily. This time his choice fell upon a woman of such remarkable beauty that the news that she had died within two months of her marriage, after a short illness, was felt as a shock by the inhabitants of the place, who deeply sympathised with the bereaved husband, until it transpired that the *belle herboriste*, as she was called, had accused him of being her murderer. The herbalist was arrested, the bodies of the deceased wives were exhumed, and it results from the examination that both women were poisoned by corrosive sublimate, administered by slow degrees in such a manner as to imitate the processes of disease, and it is said that the murderer began his work upon his second victim the very day after his marriage. Moreau received 10,000f. with the first wife, 20,000f. with the second, and it is alleged that he murdered both in order, with their money, to marry another woman, whose husband has, for some time past, been suffering from a mysterious illness. Moreau's third choice is believed to be innocent of any share in this attempt to destroy life, though she lately sent to inquire of a fortune-teller in Saint Denis whether Moreau will remain long in prison. The indignant press and public, regardless of the impropriety of anticipating the decision of justice, answer this question in a deadly negative.

The Transformation of London.—The transformation of London from a grimy wilderness of brick and mortar to a province of good streets has lately gone on with accelerated rapidity. Within the last few years the City has been in great part rebuilt. The waste spaces round the Holborn-viaduct are gradually being filled with buildings of handsome elevation; Newgate-street, Ludgate-hill, and the Poultry, are being widened simultaneously; and the new street from Blackfriars-bridge to the Mansion House is becoming one of the best in the metropolis. In the course of a few months another change will be made which will probably do more than any of the rest to alter the general aspect of the town. Hitherto the reconstruction of London has proceeded without affecting the great western focus of traffic. The eastern focus has been connected with the Embankment by the thoroughfare of Queen Victoria-street, which has entirely altered the appearance of the City at the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange. Charing-cross is now to be connected with the embankment, and when the country troops to town in the height of the next London season, the dark and ugly wall which sweeps round the south-eastern corner will have given place to a wide opening by which a view of the embankment trees and of the river itself will be obtained from Trafalgar-square.

Extraordinary Rescue.—We covet the presence of mind of a gentleman—name unknown—who accomplished an extraordinary rescue at Fultonville, Montgomery County, recently. He was passing over the town bridge, when he saw a small boy struggling in the river below. Down he dived to the rescue, but the small boy struggled so that both were in danger of a watery death. Just then the gentleman remembered that he had a bottle of chloroform in his pocket. To take it out and administer the anæsthetic to the wriggling lad was the work of a moment; and then the unconscious form was towed safely to the shore.

Great Destruction of Crops and Fruit.—A storm, very terrible in its effects on vegetation, took place a week ago, in the region about Lyons and southwards. The *Garden* correspondent, Mr. Jean Sisley, of Lyons, states that about Vienne the vines, which had escaped the destructive frosts of May, were denuded of foliage, the crops generally so injured, and the country laid under ice and water to such an extent that women wept like children at the desolation. The Canton of Montignac has been fearfully ravaged. The hail has destroyed all; there are no more trees, vines, fruit—nothing. The disaster commenced at three o'clock, and lasted 20 minutes. The populace were in the greatest consternation; the country people lost everything they possessed, and, it is feared, many were killed, the hail falling on them in pieces nearly as large as eggs. At Oullins the government road was encumbered for a mile in length by the trees overthrown by the storm. To the east of Lyons there were the same ravages; the crops, almost ripe, were entirely lost; it was the same with the fruit trees and vines. The soil is strewed with leaves and the remains of branches. North of Lyons there were torrents of rain, but no hail to cause serious damage. The glass roofs of the station at Lyons were completely destroyed. The hailstorm followed in its work of destruction the boundaries of the Rhone and the Iser. To the extreme north of the Iser the ravages were very great, the land torn up, trees disrooted, the branches twisted and torn off vines, and crops cut to pieces. Numbers of birds were killed in the fields, stunned by the hail. Many persons were much bruised, either by the hailstones, or by the fragments of broken glass.

A Family of Murderers.—An interesting little establishment has just been broken up at Trebizond under circumstances which have created, if not a "scandal," at least a sensation in that place. It appears that for some time past Trebizond has been kept in a state of uneasiness owing to the proceedings of this household, which consisted of a father, six sons, and one daughter. Delightful as was the charm which reigned over their domestic circle, it did not extend beyond the hearth, for unfortunately the family weakness was murder. In a brief space of time the eight persons composing the family managed to get through, according to the Trebizond correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, no fewer than 235 murders. Out of this number the gentlemen of the family were each responsible for thirty murders, while the young lady only committed twenty-five, though, but for the premature interference of the authorities, it is considered probable that she would have completed an equal number. The predecessor of the present Governor most ungallantly caused her to be arrested, together with her amiable parent and four of her brothers. It is not stated what became of the remaining brothers, but the poor old gentleman was hanged about three months ago, and two of his sons met with a similar melancholy accident on the 25th of last month. The other two and the young lady are still languishing in captivity, and much anxiety is felt on their behalf, for, unless the local judges take a lenient view of their offences on account of their youth, they have but a poor chance of resuming their position in society. Altogether it is a sad story, and it is not surprising that these young people and their misfortunes have of late been the talk of Trebizond.

An Expelled Vicar Seized by a Gendarme.—M. Lachat, the expelled vicar, was seized last week by a Federal gendarme on the banks of the Doubs, as he was returning to France from Saignelégier, where he had been officiating. With the assistance of his four companions, however, he succeeded in freeing himself from the official grasp, and jumped into the Doubs, where he was on French territory. The gendarme, nothing loth, jumped after him, pulled him out, and conducted him before the Federal representative at Saignelégier, who at once ordered his liberation, on the ground of his having been seized on French territory. Accompanied by the Choral Society of Saignelégier, the acquitted was welcomed on the bridge of Doubs by a large and enthusiastic crowd, who hooted the Swiss gendarmes stationed there, and welcomed with an address by the ex-Curé of Saignelégier, also expelled from the Bernese Jura, in which the violation of frontier was especially emphasised. It is said that this seizure on French territory will form the subject of a complaint on the part of France.

Summer Yachting.—Yachting, in its way, is becoming, if it has not already become, as popular as boating, and, if anything, it is even more deserving of encouragement. It is not given (says the *Times*) to every one to sail to Corinth, to launch a yacht and fit her out and ship a crew; but the rapid increase of the national wealth has given the sport a most satisfactory impulse. The Royal Squadron has found imitators and rivals by the score; some forty clubs are duly enrolled, and on their lists they number between 2000 and 3000 vessels of different classes and very various burden. After all, although a yachtsman should have a certain easy income, he may always bring his expenses down to his means, and have a very pleasent time of it. The people who make most haste to be rich begin to recognise the wisdom of intelligent holiday-making, and in few ways can you buy health cheaper than in the excitement of a short yachting cruise. The smaller the craft the greater is the excitement. Moors, forests, and Norwegian salmon streams are being run up to fabulous rents by competition which grows keener every year; it is difficult to estimate, even approximately, your incidental expenses, and your sport must depend on unforeseen contingencies. Chartering a yacht, you may cut your coat according to your cloth. Change of scene and habits you have without stint. You need not be gliding lazily along in a calm, gnawing your heart in courting the capricious puffs that play over the water in catspaws, as is too often the case at a regatta. Now you are stretching away before a favourable breeze, inhaling the very freshest of ozone, and with your spirits as buoyant as the dancing planks below your feet; now you are beating about in a gale, with all made snug above and everything secured below, the waves occasionally making a clean sweep of the decks, and the shock of the heavy seas shaking everything from stem to stern. If there is a dash of danger in the experience, you are all the better for it; it calls for skill, courage, and presence of mind in men who lead, in ordinary, sedentary or luxurious lives. Yatching is a thoroughly pleasant mode of travel, and none the less so that you must occasionally have hard times on board.

Stables in London Mews.—It is to be regretted (the *Pall-mall Gazette* remarks) that no animal save man was able to take part in the meetings lately held in London by the International Congress for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for there can be little doubt that an intelligent animal gifted with speech would have pointed out many acts of cruelty committed on dumb creatures which are entirely overlooked by those who confine their observations to active acts of cruelty, and forget that some of the greatest sufferings endured by both man and beast arise from sins of omission rather than of commission. For instance, it is cruel to beat a horse with unnecessary violence, but it is even more cruel to keep the horse in its stable without sufficient air or exercise, and with food either more than enough or less than enough to preserve the beast in good health. If the members of the Congress had inspected the stables in the mews hidden behind the big houses of London, they would have found horses of every description shut up in ill-ventilated, overcrowded prisons, uncheered by one ray of sunshine, and either overfed or half-starved, according to the rascality or ignorance of the coachman and his fellow-stablemen. Death to many of these horses would be a positive boon compared with the unhealthy monotonous existence they lead. Yet they are supposed to be well contented with their lot, and none of those who commiserate the sufferings of the cab or omnibus horse feel any sympathy for the gouty, apoplectic carriage horse, who is in reality often the more to be pitied of the two.

Audacious Swindling.—A reputation for audacity in swindling is not easily obtained in this enlightened age, but nobody will seek to deprive "Dr." Ernest Uhling, of New York, of this equivocal honour. Some two years ago this gentleman insured the life of one Louisa Germs for ten thousand dollars. The lady died last April, and was buried with every mark of respect, and when the doctor applied to the company for payment of the money, he met with unforeseen difficulties. Notwithstanding his own certificate of the cause of death, supported by that of a local physician, the managers were unpleasantly sceptical, and in the end obtained an order for the exhumation of the body. This led to the discovery not of the mortal remains of Louisa Germs, but of 19 bricks, neatly packed together, and screwed down so as to keep them in position. The assistance of the police was sought, and the doctor, together with the undertaker, and Louisa herself, were taken into custody. The male prisoners have been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, which happens to be the utmost penalty of the law, and the woman has been remanded until the Court has decided whether she was or was not a mere tool in the hands of Uhling. The audacity of the swindle was only equalled by the coolness of the defence. Uhling was charged with obtaining money by false pretences, and it was contended that the offence was really one of conspiracy. The "doctor" will be just long enough in gaol to hatch a few more "daring and outrageous" schemes against the peace and pockets of society.

The Picture of the Tichborne Trial.—During the weary days and months of the great trial at bar, Mr. Lincoln Alldridge, a rising young artist who has already attained some celebrity, was industriously engaged in sketching the principa persons concerned therein, preparatory to painting a memorial picture of that remarkable event. His constant attendance throughout the whole proceedings enabled him to take advantage of those periods when some exciting episode or some intensely interesting revelation gave animation and expression to every face, and force and character to every attitude. In this way his labours have resulted, not in a mere group of heads, but in a vivid and truthful representation of the Court of Queen's Bench during the trial. The particular action in this great legal drama chosen by the artist is the cross-examination of Luie by Mr. Hawkins, Dr. Kenealy interposing with some exception to the form of the question addressed to the witness. The face of the Claimant is turned towards his counsel with the indignant expression it often wore towards the end of the trial; and Mr. Whalley, close by, appears as if he were about to impetuously address the Court, but is prevented by Mr. Harcourt, the Claimant's solicitor. Dr. Kenealy is supported by his juniors, Mr. Cooper Wyld and Mr. M'Mahon, while Mr. Hawkins has the assistance of Serjeant Parry, Mr. Chapman Barber, and Mr. Bowen. The Lord Chief Justice of England is watching the wordy warfare, as if ready to interpose. Mr. Justice Lush is looking across the court at the witness with a stern smile; and Mr. Justice Mellor, with his head propped on his hand—an attitude very frequently adopted by him—evidently regards Luie as an impostor of whom he would himself like to have the unmasking. Mr. Alldridge has been equally successful with the jury, who are posed exactly as they might have been seen any day during the trial. The canvas is filled, without conveying the idea of overcrowding, with all the other subsidiary actors—Bowker, Vincent Gosford, Pollard, Stevens, Whicher, are grouped near the jury box; and on the opposite side appear Harding, Guildford Onslow, and the Claimant's principal adherents. The gentlemen of the press employed by the morning newspapers in producing these voluminous reports which were read by the public with such unflagging interest, are depicted to the life. The only fault in the conception of the great work as an historic memorial is, probably, that sufficient prominence is not given to the Claimant's person. The face is that of a stout over-fed man, but so much was said in the trial about his extreme fatness that it was certainly an oversight not to have brought out that peculiarity. Altogether there are 65 portraits, every one of which is an admirable likeness, and some of them might be justly spoken of with high praise. All the persons represented, except two, favoured Mr. Alldridge with sittings, but the attitude and postures were all sketched in court. The two exceptions are the Claimant and Luie.

Fossil Men and Women.—The idea of preserving our ancestors in some form or other is again causing discussion. The project of cremation has been received with favour in some quarters; it now, however, appears that the proper thing to do is to utilise cement, so that a kind of recent fossil will be formed. At the Museum of Roman Antiquities at York can be seen the outline of a figure of a Roman lady who had been buried in quick lime. The material substances have entirely disappeared, but the lime continues to show well the castings of the foldings of the lady's dress, the form of the thick leather shoe which was then the fashion, and also marks of the heavy iron nails with which the sole of the shoe was studded. During the excavations at Pompeii, the castings of the bodies of some of the unfortunate inhabitants were discovered. By pouring plaster into these cavities a savant was enabled to make a plaster statue, of course perfectly true to life, of the worthy people who were destroyed by the burning lava of the neighbouring volcano so many hundred years ago. Should the idea of burying in Roman cement or other form of plaster be adopted, the results will, of course, be that nothing but simple dust will remain in about forty years. At the same time it is not improbable that some of these at present new-fashioned tombs may be adduced hereafter in support of the theory of "Fossil men." For many years the human skeleton that was discovered in the hardened sand of the sea beach in the island of Guadaloupe was instanced as a genuine fossil, and for a long time this most curious specimen was known as "Homo Diluvii Testis." If it is thought desirable to preserve the remains of our ancestors for as long a period as possible, the idea of cement is well worthy of consideration, as it is consistent with the sanitary regulations.

Triple Suicide in Vienna.—*Galignani* states that a triple suicide has taken place at Vienna under sad circumstances. Three ladies, the eldest appearing to be the mother of the other two, took a bed-room at the Kummer Hotel. The next morning they went out for a short time, and on their return, after having taken a slight repast, retired to their chamber. Shortly afterwards several detonations were heard in the apartment, and on the door being broken open the three women were found lying dead on the floor, each with a pistol in her hand, and their skulls fractured by the bullets. Subsequently they were recognised as Mdme. Gyorgy, the wife of a tradesman of Tordy, in Hungary, completely ruined by the late financial crisis, and her two daughters. No rings or jewellery were found on them, and the only property they possessed besides their clothes was the sum of 47 kreutzers (3½ centimes each) in the mother's purse.

Swiss Telegraphs.—The Federal Telegraph Direction has published a most useful map of the Swiss telegraphs. It contains all the lines of wires in Switzerland, the telegraph offices, and the position of the telegraph apparatus in them, the apparatus of the railways not used by the public, the chief offices, with five or more telegraphists and prolonged or permanent service, the special offices with one to four special telegraphists and generally reduced day service. The wires for the transit of international and internal direct telegrams, as well as the local and railway wires, are especially distinguished. The greatest number of wires runs from Bâle over Alten, Zurich, and St. Gall; we count 33 different wires at the central station at Zurich. The following lines of wire are marked for direct international intercourse; Paris, Bâle, Winterthur, St. Gall, Bregenz; Paris, Dijon, Neuchâtel, Bienne, Berne; Strasburg, Mülhausen, Olten, Lucerne, Andermatt, Bellinzona, Milan; Coire, Silvaplana, Castasegna, Milan. The map, excellently executed, affords a good view into the considerable traffic of little Switzerland internally and with abroad.

Search for an Assassin under Difficulties.—The police at Constantinople are still actively engaged in searching for the assassin of the unfortunate Captain Nicolich, who was murdered there the other day. On the 9th of of June, the Minister of Police, Husin Pasha, received an anonymous letter, written in French and sealed with three different seals, stating that if the police made a search in the cellars of the Dominican Monastery of St. Pierre, in Galata, and in some of the adjacent houses, they would succeed in laying hands on the murderer, who is well known to be a Croat, named Radovitch. Several Croat servants are employed by the Dominicans, and it was therefore thought advisable to pay attention to this hint. The monastery being under French protection, it was, however, necessary to communicate in the first instance with the French authorities, and the result was that on the night of the 10th June the police, accompanied by the French consul and the secretary of the Austrian Embassy, proceeded to St. Pierre. On reaching the door these gentlemen informed the officer of the zaptiehs that his men could go no further, but that they themselves would make the necessary investigation. The police accordingly remained outside for an hour and a half, when the French consul and his companion, who had entered the monastery alone, returned with the news that they had not found the murderer. Thus ended the search of the Dominican monastery, which, even if M. Radovitch had been inside the building, need not have caused him any serious anxiety.

Expedition against Desperadoes.—Intelligence has been received by the Canadian Government, through the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, that a number of desperadoes, amounting to 500, have established themselves on British soil at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where they have built a fort and provisioned it against any attack from the Government troops. They are armed, it is said, with Spencer rifles, and are in possession of six pieces of artillery, which they lately took from one of the isolated American forts by a sudden surprise. Having established illicit stills, they maintain themselves chiefly by bartering rum with the Indians, some of whom they have enrolled in their service. To restore law and order in this region the Dominion Government is about to despatch an expedition into the north-west country, under the command of Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, and a force of 300 picked men has been raised for the service under the designation of the North-west Police, mounted and equipped similar to irregular cavalry. Half of this body is at Fort Garry, and the rest have just started from Toronto for Detroit *en route* to St. Paul. The American Government will, it is reported, send a military force along the southern side of the frontier to co-operate with the expedition.

A Fish Dinner at Greenwich Ship Hotel.—A correspondent of the *Queen* says: I had prepared my aunt for a little bit of fish and a pudding—no more; and when they brought in the "sootje" of whiting and flounders, she could not refrain from observing that flounder was a poor sort of fish to serve at any gentleman's table, and as for the sauce it looked like water, nothing more. But it tasted right enough, she was forced to admit; no doubt the water was flavoured with something? When I told her this said sauce was simply concentrated essence of flounder fish boiled down almost to water, she fairly opened her eyes. More fish? Yes, fried flounders and lobster cutlets. And yet more? Salmon cutlet, with sauce piquante, madam, and red mullet *en papillote*. Then stewed eels, and then shrimp curry. The girls laughed aloud and clapped their hands with glee as their mother, good old soul, said it was a sin and a shame to cook so much fresh fish for only four people; but she supposed it was very cheap in these parts, and had to be used or wasted altogether. "Yes, my dear aunt," said I, "and for the same reason—to keep down the excessive supply of fish, that is to say—we eat thousands of all kinds when they are still quite small and young." At this moment the first dish of whitebait was put upon the table to give practical proof of my veraciousness, and I gravely assured the old lady that anyone of these, if left long enough in the water, might have grown some day into a whale. "Very like a whale, indeed," said Dorothy, who was a bit of a wag; but why is there brown bread and butter?" For you, miss, I retorted, "because you have only just left school." Aunt Maria said she liked young whales very much; and, although the devilled whitebait—red and black—which followed nearly took off the roof of her palate, it was an excuse for imbibing a third tumbler of Moselle cup—an innocent beverage, made, as I informed her, of a sort of cider. "And excellent cider, too," said she; "not even Devonshire apples could turn out better." Stimulated by this insinuating liquid, she had been able to devote herself fairly well to each of the eleven dishes already put upon the table; but now, with the appearance of a roast duckling, her eyes filled with tears. "The duck was enough," she said, "to have dined off at any other time, now it would be as good as wasted." Wasted, too, were the remaining things—as asparagus, green peas, and new potatoes. I could hardly prevail upon her to taste the Maraschino jelly; and the crowning blow came with the Camembert cheese, which, although better than the best cream cheese in all the west, went away again almost unappreciated. "But the dinner was, nevertheless, a great success."

Outrages on Blacks in Queensland.—The *Sydney Morning Herald* of January and February last published various painful details from Mr. Charles Heydon and Mr. M'Dougall, a local magistrate, of outrages alleged to have been committed by the native police force in Queensland. Mr. M'Dougall says: "When visiting my late station on the River Bowen, about 40 miles from the Burdekin, I have heard from reliable sources such accounts of brutal massacres of the blacks in that district, not only by the native police, but by others calling themselves Christian men, as would seem almost incredible, but still true. As a rule, the native police only shoot the men, and spare the women and children; but not so with the stockmen and others, as they kill all they can indiscriminately." The other correspondent of the *Herald*, who gives numerous facts of a revolting character, declares that "private persons go out to kill blacks and call it snipe shooting," and that "an officer of police who should be lukewarm in the destruction of the blacks would become very unpopular." At the instance of a highly respectable colonist residing in New South Wales, the Committee of the Aborigines Protection Society forwarded copies of the above letters to the Earl of Carnarvon, together with vouchers of the trustworthiness of the *Herald's* correspondents. Sir Henry Holland, in reply, states that the Marquis of Normanby has been requested to inquire into the truth of the statements, and to furnish a report on the subject.

Revival of Mural Inscriptions in London.—The plan of preserving historic landmarks by mural inscription is being revived in London after having been in desuetude for a very long time. The latest illustration of this which has come under my notice is on the house No. 24, Halle's-street, Cavendish-square, one end of which runs into Oxford-street at a point exactly opposite Harewood-place, which leads into Hanover-square. On the front of this house is an oval tablet in compo. On the tablet are these words, "Lord Byron, the poet; born here, 1788; died in Greece, 1824."

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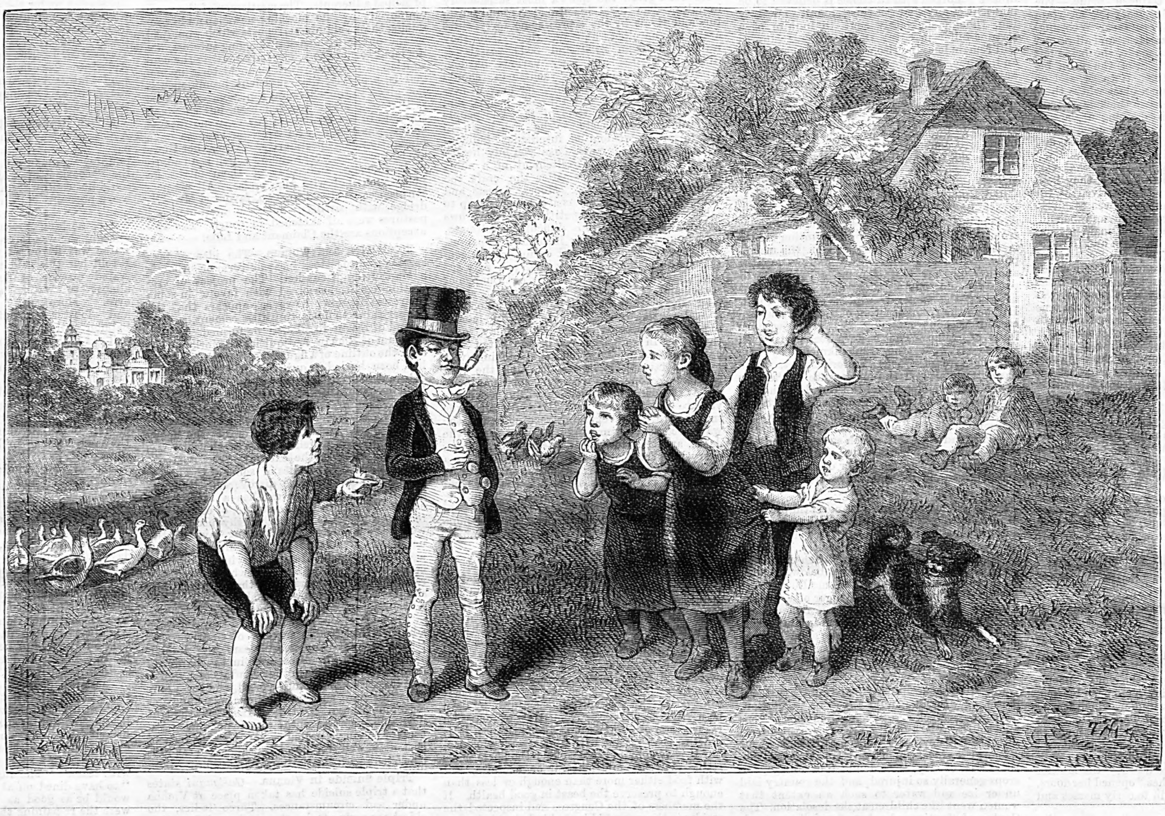
CHAPTER III.

MARIAN'S DISCOVERY.

On reaching the foot of the principal staircase, she found the widow clinging to the balustrade for support, and staring the while with frightened looks at the ghastly figure wrapped in shawls and rugs, which two men were carefully carrying into her house.



SHOWING OFF.

Mrs. Lacey had been mentally picturing her expected guest as the stalwart soldier of eight or ten years ago—a little older and yellower, perhaps, and wearing his arm in a sling, or with the conventional black fillet across his brow; but it never entered her imagination that the Colonel had been brought to England, because the more temperate climate of his native country offered the only chance of his ultimate recovery.

Exhausted with his long journey, and the additional suffering it had entailed, the invalid looked as if on the point of breathing his last, and his attached servant, who had preceded the bearers, anxiously addressed Mrs. Lacey:

"I suppose you've a room ready, ma'am? We must get master to bed as quick as we can."

But instead of bestirring herself, the inert lady began helplessly exclaiming, "Dear, dear, how dreadful! I shouldn't have known him. Poor fellow! are you sure he isn't dead?"

"The Colonel can hear all you say, ma'am," he now whispered, warningly. "He never loses his senses, and he can't abear to be pitied. Perhaps you'd best speak to him."

But Mrs. Lacey shuddered violently.

"Oh, I couldn't! I dare not go near him. I shall never get over the shock. Will he have my vinaigrette? or there's salts in my boudoir if the children haven't thrown them away. My dear Marian, oh, do come here! Will no one fetch my vinaigrette for poor Colonel Lacey? And pray give me a chair, for I am getting so faint!"

But swiftly passing her Marian Esmond signed to the men to follow her, and led the way into the cool, shady, morning-room, where the Colonel was tenderly deposited on the well-stuffed couch on which his sister-in-law was accustomed to spend many of her idle hours.

Marian had already comprehended the difficulty of conveying the exhausted sufferer to an upper chamber, but the adjoining apartment, called by courtesy the school-room, could be easily and quickly fitted up for his use; and this without inconveniencing anyone, as Mrs. Lacey, her children's sole instructress, was so apt to forget the hour for lessons that it was seldom entered.

In the Colonel's servant she found such an able and zealous coadjutor that her plans were immediately carried out; Mrs. Lacey, as usual, raising no objections after she had once received an assurance that she would not be expected to assist.

"Poor dear, how hot and tired you look!" she said compassionately when Marian came to her in her boudoir an hour afterwards to announce that all had been done that Wilson could suggest for his master's comfort. "Jane tells me that my poor brother is easier and has fallen asleep. I have not had courage to go near him yet; it has upset me so dreadfully. I have sent the children into the garden to be out of the way, and you and I had better lie down for an hour or two."

But Marian, who was smoothing her disordered hair, reminded her friend of the time she had already stayed at the villa.

"Is it so late?" cried Mrs. Lacey, stifling a yawn. "I thought I felt wretchedly languid. Ring the bell, will you, dear. Cook shall send us a nice little luncheon—an omelet, or something tasty. We must keep ourselves up, Marian, or how shall we be able to nurse the poor Colonel?"

Marian rang the bell, but excused herself from sharing the luncheon, though she had some difficulty in getting away.

"We always work together so well," Mrs. Lacey told her, "that I feel quite lost when you are not at my elbow. I wish, dear, you'd just look into the kitchen as you go by and ask cook to mull me a little wine. Nurses must take care of themselves as well as their patients, you know, for it would never do for me to break down just now, would it?"

At last Marian contrived to say her adieus, and was on her way to the outer door when Wilson stopped her with an inquiry for some extra pillows.

She sent him to the housemaid, but stayed till he returned, for Mrs. Lacey's indolence had infected her domestics, and she could not resolve to quit the house till certain that he had been supplied.

While she stood in the hall, awaiting the man's reappearance, Colonel Lacey, who was still lying on the couch in the morning-room, stirred, and asked for some lemonade; Marian called Wilson but he did not hear her, and when the querulous entreaty was repeated with greater urgency, she glided into the room, and herself held the glass to the invalid's lips.

Too ill to care who came to his assistance, Colonel Lacey did not notice to whom he was indebted until the pitying girl stooped to alter the position of the cushion on which his head rested. Then, as he recognised the gentleness and deftness with which he was touched, his hollow eyes unclosed, and half listlessly, half curiously, he gazed at the sweet compassionate face bending over him.

The glance was but a momentary one, for now Wilson's step was heard returning, and Marian flitted away to begin her homeward walk. Scarcely a thought of herself, or what tidings might be awaiting her there, had entered her mind, while she was unselfishly exerting herself for Colonel Lacey and his almost equally helpless relative; but as she drew nearer to her brother-in-law's house, those doubts and fears that chequer the brightest hopes began to make themselves felt. This handsome, generous, high-spirited Percy was all too good for her, and it did not seem possible that he was in earnest when he spoke of making her his wife; besides, he, the reported heir of the Moncton property, might have chosen from the best families around Meadsley, instead of laying his heart at the feet of a shy, brown-eyed girl, who was only known in the town, or received into its society, because she was related to Mr. Darwin.

But even while Marian thus disparaged herself, her faith in her lover's constancy deepened, and she was blushing and smiling over some pleasant reminiscence, when she found her way impeded by a crowd of persons who came thronging up the narrow lane leading from Farmer Brown's meadow.

It was not a noisy, gesticulating mob, such as she had once before encountered on a fair-day, but a dense mass of the townspeople gathering, still gathering, as it came on; and each and every one gravely, if not painfully, interested in some occurrence which they were discussing in lowered tones.

It was next to impossible for a delicate female to press through the rapidly-augmenting stream, now pouring across the pavement towards the nearest inn, and Marian drew back and waited in some surprise, for such a sight was unusual in the quiet town. But a break in the crowd gave her a glimpse of a bier, carried by four men, and she shrank closer to some railings and averted her head in vague terror of the form which, half-hidden by a rug, was lying upon it.

Some one stopped beside her, and she looked up. It was Mr. Harris, her brother-in-law's partner, the head of the firm; the man who took the largest share of the profits, and did the smallest portion of the work; a pompous, loud-talking, conceited personage, vain of himself and everything that belonged to him.

Marian, whose high spirit rebelled against his arrogance, greatly disliked him, and had he been less thick-skinned he must have seen this sometimes in her compressed lip and flashing eye. But she forgot her distaste for him now, and, with pale face, asked in awed accents what had happened.

"The very question I was going to put to you, as I saw that you were one of the crowd. You are a remarkably strong-minded young lady, Miss Esmond, to be here at such a time! Now *my* daughters would be frightened to mix with such a lot of roughs; but I don't let them set up for girls of the period."

"I wish I could pass," said, Marian, impatiently. "It is so horrible to be obliged to stand here."

"Pooh! nonsense; you're quite safe under my protection," Mr. Harris patronisingly rejoined, his own curiosity leading him to probe a small boy with his walking-stick and enquire what was amiss.

"Dun no, sir; a dead 'ooman Sam Jones says."

"Hem! tipsy, perhaps. Disgraceful! My servants have temperance principles carefully instilled into them. Plenty of tea and coffee, but no beer. A shocking sight this for a young lady! *My* daughters never walk out alone. Miss Esmond. I wonder Darwin lets you do it. It is not the thing, you know; it really isn't."

"The pavement is clear now," said Marian, stepping forward, bowing to him slightly, and eager to shake off her pompous companion. But Mr. Harris, who was fond of patronising young people, chose to move forward too, and keep his station beside her. "Take my arm, Miss Esmond. Yes, I insist upon it. I am going to the office, so it will not inconvenience me to walk with you. Stay, though; that's Smith, of the Wyvern, isn't it? My good fellow, come here. Has there been an accident?"

"More like a murder, sir," answered Joe Smith, who, in an unusual state of excitement, began eagerly repeating the tale of the discovery made by the old mower. "I was just a coming into the field when they pulled the poor cretur out," he added; "and I knowed her directly I see her."

"Really now! An inhabitant, Smith? Committed suicide?" cried Mr. Harris, beginning to feel quite interested.

"'Tis old Peggy Grant, Muster Harris. Leastways, it's Mrs. Grant, Miss Moncton's maid as was; ye mind (remember) her, don't ye? She wer' at my house last night safe and well. *Safe and well* she wer'."

"And sober? Did she leave the Wyvern sober? Now be careful, Smith. I'm magistrate's clerk, you know. Take care what you say."

Smith gave an indescribable snort. "*Sober*, muster! She warn't the sort to be no totherwise. She'd nothing but a cup of tea, as my missus can take her Bible oath to it; and she wer' a coming into the town to sleep."

"Dear me!" ruminated Mr. Harris, "Miss Moncton's old servant. I recollect her now; yes, yes. A decent woman, no doubt; but apt to be impertinent—in fact to presume upon her position. I remember her very well; and so she stepped into the river? Rather a curious thing for a person to do who was quite sober, eh, Smith? Sorry to keep you standing so long, Miss Esmond; but it's not my fault you're here, you know. 'Morning, Smith, you'll be wanted at the inquest, so keep in the way."

"Wanted or no, I means to be there," answered the landlord of the Wyvern, sturdily, "for I'd very much like to know how she come into the water; and what's gone of that little parcel o' papers she had when she left us."

"What! what was that?" cried Mr. Harris, turning back in his eagerness to hear more.

But Marian, who from her childhood had known Mrs. Grant, and had received many a practical proof of the good nature hidden away behind her starched demeanour, was shocked and saddened by her untimely end; and, disengaging herself from her inquisitive companion, she hastened onwards, with Smith's last words sounding in her ears.

Papers—*a packet of papers*. Doubtless Mrs. Grant, in whom her eccentric mistress placed implicit confidence, had been commissioned to bring to England the last of the many wills Miss Moncton had executed. On the contents of this document, Percy Balfour's future fortunes—and perhaps her own happiness—depended. If it were really lost, what would be done?

She had reached home, knocked at the door, and been admitted, ere she could devise a satisfactory reply to this question; and she continued to revolve it in her mind as she stood beside the hall table gazing at a bunch of lilies of the valley, left there for her as a token of his successful pleading with her brother-in-law, by Percy Balfour himself.

This young man—a distant connection of Miss Moncton's—had for years been regarded in Meadsley as her heir. When left an orphan in his early boyhood, she had voluntarily charged herself with the expenses of his education, and her house had been his home whenever he thought proper to accept her hospitality.

Although for many years she had chosen to live in comparative seclusion, Miss Moncton occasionally liked the society of a young, lively, and intelligent man, and Percy Balfour, had he been of a more worldly nature, might have secured the wealth of his patroness with ease.

But his independence of spirit, his utter detestation of the meanness that can truckle to anything for interests' sake, made him rush into the opposite extreme. Frequently he offended her by his avoidance of her favours, by accepting the invitations of acquaintances in preference to the shooting and fishing she offered him on her own estate; and Miss Moncton, always peremptory and whimsical, would remark upon these things with manifest annoyance.

Mrs. Grant, who liked the "laddie's" spirit, but dreaded evil results from its indulgence, proffered a friendly warning when she caught him in the mood to listen. "'Deed, now ye need na be so ready to vex her, Mr. Percy, for she's na so young as she was, nor so well able to bear it. She thinks you canna care for her or ye'd come oftener, and no have to be askit and askit before we can get a sicht of ye."

"And if I did come more frequently," the young man retorted, "Miss Moncton would be the first to hint that it was from mercenary motives I paid her those attentions; now wouldn't she, Peggy? Hang her money. I like my old friend for herself, but I can't come to have it thrown in my teeth, as it would be, that I'm looking after the main chance."

So Percy went on in his own way and was, par consequence, high in favour whenever Miss Moncton was in the humour to admire his determined independence; and *vice versa* when dull weather affected her spirits or Mudie had not sent the volumes she had chosen.

When Percy Balfour fell in love with Marian Esmond, which event occurred very soon after that young lady came from school to Meadsley, he began to feel the want of those means, without which a wife and an establishment, even on the smallest scale, cannot be maintained.

In this dilemma he conquered his pride sufficiently to go to Miss Moncton and lay the case before her, after his own peculiar fashion.

"You have been very kind to me," he said; "now be kinder still. Add to the few hundreds my father left me, sufficient to give me a start in life as partner in some firm, or in whatever my friends think me most fitted to undertake, and I shall be grateful indeed."

But Miss Moncton, without absolutely refusing his request, which secretly gratified her pride, chose to demur. There was time enough, she remarked. He was too young to marry yet awhile, for he had not seen the great world that lay beyond Meadsley. And she would have had him consent to go with her to Italy, where her physician had advised her to winter.

Had she urged him to do this for her sake, and pleaded her fast-failing health, he would have yielded. But Miss Moncton had dropped a hint no lover could hear patiently—that his choice did not win her approval. Chafing at this slur upon his pretty Marian, and believing that a love of power dictated her hesitation, Percy positively refused to go abroad; and the disappointed lady sharply taxed him for the boyish impatience with which he received her counsels.

Thus, if they did not part in actual ill feeling, there was a coolness in their farewells; and though Miss Moncton wrote to Percy regularly, every letter increasing in cordiality, she kept strict silence upon the subject which was nearest to his heart—a feminine fashion of showing that she still harboured a little resentment, which annoyed him, as she intended it should.

When the news of her sudden and somewhat unlooked-for decease reached Meadsley, Percy Balfour sorely repented having thwarted her wishes. But after the first burst of regret, he congratulated himself that, let the disposition of her property be what it might, his own integrity was unsullied. And when the Meadsley people began to utter conjectures, and hint their hopes in his hearing, he turned a deaf ear to all their speeches—direct or indirect—and went about as if the Moncton property were not in existence, or his own future involved in its bequeathal.

Even his resolution to make no longer delay in asking Mr. Darwin for the hand of Marian was carried into practice. If he were a legatee, he told himself, Marian's delicacy would be spared by accepting him before the fact became known; and if, on the contrary, he was destined to remain poor, this dear, noble-hearted girl would not love him any the less, because some years must elapse before he could claim her.

All this was in Marian's thoughts as she stood in the hall of Mr. Darwin's house, toying with her bouquet, and sighing over the additional anxieties which the loss of her packet seen in Mrs. Grant's possession might create. But these were selfish regrets after all, and blushing for them, she asked herself reproachfully how she could engross her mind so much more with the fate of the missing papers than the inexplicable decease of their bearer.

"Percy would be ashamed of me," she murmured, "if he knew of my unwomanly forgetfulness of this poor creature; and, Letty, too, how neglectful she must think me."

Staying only to put her lilies into water, Marian ran upstairs and pushed open the door of her sister's dressing-room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SISTERS.

Mrs. Darwin, a fair, pretty, but faded woman, with a startled look in her pale blue eyes, and an expression of uneasy sadness stamped on her features, had only just risen. The apartment was in confusion—the lady in dressing robe and slippers—and the portly cook was waiting for orders; her stiff attitude and pursed-up mouth in strong contrast to the undecided air and drooping figure of her mistress, who sat listlessly drawing her fingers through the dishevelled tresses that were already streaked with grey.

Marian, who was neat and methodical in her habits, looked annoyed as she stood on the threshold, surveying the medley of articles, littering chairs, tables, and window seats. In one corner was piled a collection of tracts of all sizes, from the tiny leaflet to the half-bound volume—relics of the time when Mrs. Darwin was a zealous distributor in connection with the Wesleyans who worshipped at Meadsley. Not far from these stood a missionary box of the Baptist denomination, and one of the tables was strewed with half-finished garments for the poor, commenced while Mrs. Darwin was a member of the Dorcas Society of the Meadsley Independents. In each and for each of these sects she had been devout and indefatigable, but only to withdraw herself just as she was in the full tide of popularity. In vain had the elders of congregations—surprised and troubled at her defection—sought to learn the cause. She either avoided seeing them, or with tears and reluctance affirmed that she found no comfort from their teachings, and they were compelled to let her go her own way.

Still there was a reality and earnestness about Mrs. Darwin which forbade the suggestion that her conduct was prompted by fickleness or levity of disposition. Indeed, her character for Christian charity and humility was too firmly established by innumerable acts of kindness to her sick and poor neighbours to admit of such a slur being cast upon it. But, whether from her frequent change of doctrine, or a shrinking reserve of manner that increased upon her, certain it is that the Meadsley ladies could not get on with their solicitor's wife. She was tolerated for the sake of her suave, agreeable husband, and pretty sister, but that was all; and a satirical remark made upon her, "that she was a lady whose digestion or conscience must be sadly out of order," had been widely repeated.

"Friday? is it Friday?" Mrs. Darwin was saying as Marian advanced into her room unperceived. "*Must* we have a joint cooked to-day?"

"There's no cold meat in the larder worth speaking of, mum," the cook replied.

Mrs. Darwin went on hesitatingly as if debating a point with herself.

"The Church enjoins fasting on certain days; and Mr. Rubrique, of St. Antony's, seems to think that the soul may derive great benefit from these little acts of self-denial. What do you think, cook, of managing with fish, and——" But here the woman's look of dignified amazement brought her to a full stop.

She was decidedly afraid of her servants, and they knew it.

"Jest as you please, mum. Fish, an' no second course? Very well, mum; in course, it don't signify to me; but if there's not to be nothing else for dinner, Mr. John must be kept off of me, for he badgers me continual about not studding master, and calls me names as no Christian woman can bear patiently."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Darwin, with a wistful look in her sad eyes, "perhaps we had better go on as usual. I will not press my wish."

Unmoved by the ring of trouble in the speaker's voice, cook retorted in injured tones that she did not understand what Mrs. Darwin meant; that she always tried to carry out the wishes of her employers; and that if she did not give satisfaction she would leave.

Mrs. Darwin put up her hands deprecatingly. "Pray do not speak of it. You suit us very well, and I do so hate changing. Order whatever you think best, and—— Good morning. I hope I have not done wrong in yielding," she added with a sigh as the woman departed to inveigh in the kitchen to her fellow-servants against the "*whimsies* missus was always taking."

"My dear Letty," cried Marian, coming forward, "what makes you tolerate the consequential airs cook gives herself? I did not hear what you were proposing; but surely anything you request ought to be attended to."

With no other reply than a faint smile, Mrs. Darwin rose and began to busy herself with brush and comb. There was sincere affection between the sisters, but no confidence, and a little soreness on this point induced Marian to persist.

"Really, Letty, your servants are not nearly so respectful and attentive to you as they ought to be. I begin to think seriously that Godfrey——"

"Should be appealed to," she was about to add, but, with her face crimsoning to the temples, Mrs. Darwin sharply checked her.

"Hush, Marian, for shame! I will not permit you to find fault with Godfrey. He has always been the best and kindest of husbands. Remember this, and also how generously he has made his house your home."

"But, my very dear hasty-tempered sis," replied the astonished girl, "I had not a thought of censuring him. What ever induced you to imagine to the contrary?"

"I tell you," Mrs. Darwin persisted in the same excited manner, "I tell you such ingratitude is monstrous. He has been the tenderest, the most thoughtful friend we have ever had. When you and I were left penniless orphans, what would have become of us if he had not taken upon himself our guardianship? Should you or I forget this?"

"I never have—I never shall forget it," said Marian, putting her arms round her sister, and looking fearlessly in her face. "I cannot accuse myself of an ungrateful thought towards my brother-in-law; why then do you speak to me in this strange manner? Have I ever failed in respect to Godfrey?"

"But you do not like him," was the vehement reply. "I have even seen you look as if you doubted or suspected him. He is my husband, Marian; his truth, his goodness are dearer to me than my life, and I cannot—cannot bear it."

"You wrong me, Letty; you do indeed," said Marian, soothingly. "I do full justice to Godfrey's excellent qualities; and if my looks have ever annoyed you, it must be when I thought my own dear sister seemed unhappy, and I longed to comfort her, but did not know how."

Mrs. Darwin bent forward and kissed her lips. "Poor child! Poor little Marian! I would not have *you* know the heavy anxieties that oppress me. And yet," she hastily added, "I should not say this, for they are all imaginary ones. Mere fancies, dear, which I brood over till they poison my mind. You see I am nervous and weak," she went on with increasing earnestness; "and so I give way to these silly caprices. They are nothing more, Marian, and I would not have Godfrey guess my folly for all the world."

A thrill of fear crept over Marian Esmond as she listened to her sister's strange confession. Was it possible that Mrs. Darwin's brain had become slightly affected, and did this affection account for those incomprehensible changes in her religious views which had cost her friends so much annoyance? But as the thought entered her mind, Letty, with a caressing movement, drew her sister's head down on her shoulder.

"Kiss me, dear, and forgive me. I do not know what has possessed me to talk so unkindly to you. You must lay all the blame on a bad night and miserable dreams. You never repeat my silly speeches to Mrs. Lacey or Percy Balfour, do you?"

Half offended at the question, Marian withdrew herself from the sisterly embrace.

"Letty, what a child you must think me. Is it likely that I should do this?"

Before Mrs. Darwin could soothe away the annoyance she had inflicted, a servant tapped at the door. A gentleman was below who, in Mr. Darwin's absence, wished to leave a message for him with his lady.

Mrs. Darwin always shrank nervously from strangers, and made her *dishabille* an excuse for doing so now. "Will you not go to him, Marian? I have promised myself to devote an hour or two to ridding my room of some of this litter."

"It's Sir William Hostley, ma'am," said the servant; "and he asked for you, particular."

"Then you *must* go down, Letty," cried her sister; "you know you are a favourite of his, because you listen without yawning to all his prosy speeches. Let me help you dress, and then trust the clearing up to me; I'm just in the humour for a little active employment."

Mrs. Darwin submitted to be dressed and sent downstairs, and Marian, too restless to settle to any sedentary occupation till she had heard the particulars of Percy Balfour's interview with her brother-in-law, plunged into her work without waiting for the maid Letty had promised to send to her assistance.

Mr. Darwin, as careless as his wife, had tossed into the nearest chair the light suit of clothes he had worn on the previous day, and Marian was proceeding to fold them up when the housemaid came in.

She had been in tears, and a sob rose in her throat when the young lady kindly inquired the cause.

"It's Mrs. Grant, Miss," Jane not very lucidly began to explain. "She was my godmother, and taught me all as ever I knew. I was in the kitchen at Miss Moncton's before I came here, and she was always kind to me, though she was fidgetty in her ways, and had a sharpish tongue. Dear, dear, it's awful to think of the poor old creature that never hurt a worm coming home from foreign parts to be murdered!"

Marian shivered as she listened. "Not murdered, Jane! Oh, no. Who is there in Meadsley that would do such a dreadful deed?"

"Ah, Miss, that's got to be found out; but Dale the policeman—he's cook's cousin, Miss—says that there were signs of a struggle, and marks upon her throat, as if she had been seized there and forced back into the water."

"But who could commit such an awful deed?" Marian repeated, as she resumed her work, realising for the first time how doubly appalling such crimes become when perpetrated on some one we know.

Jane answered with a doleful shake of the head, "Ah, Miss, that's what everybody's asking; and Joe Smith, at the Wyvern, swears that it must ha' been done for the sake of the papers the poor soul had, for her money was safe in her bosom."

To this speech Marian did not reply, though profoundly interested in the girl's narrations; she was not an idle listener, but had been carefully smoothing out the creases in the loose coat Mr. Darwin frequently donned on warm evenings. He had been wearing it on the preceding one, for she encountered him in the garden, sauntering to and fro with a cigar, as she passed through to the gate at the bottom, which opened on the lane already described.

As Marian turned the right sleeve over to fold it, she became horribly pale and drew her fingers away with a convulsive start, for, twisted and tangled in the buttons at the wrist, she saw a lock of grey hair—the long hair of an aged woman.

What made her instantly connect this with the form she had seen that morning, she could not tell; but a terrible conviction crept over her—that if Margaret Grant had indeed met her death by foul means she knew too well at whose hands. Incapable of analysing her impressions, but stupefied by the horror that curdled her blood and took the strength out of her limbs, she stood vacantly staring at the proof of the deed, till Jane aroused her by coming towards the table with a pair of Mr. Darwin's gloves.

Then an unreasoning dread of detection, as overwhelming as if she were herself guilty, made her huddle the coat into a heap and confront the girl with such a white, wild face, that Jane uttered an exclamation of sympathy.

"Have I upset you, Miss, with my story about Mrs. Grant? You look quite ill."

With a great effort Marian forced herself to answer, "I am not very well. I will go to my own room." She did not, however, attempt to move, for to do so in her present condition would be to risk falling.

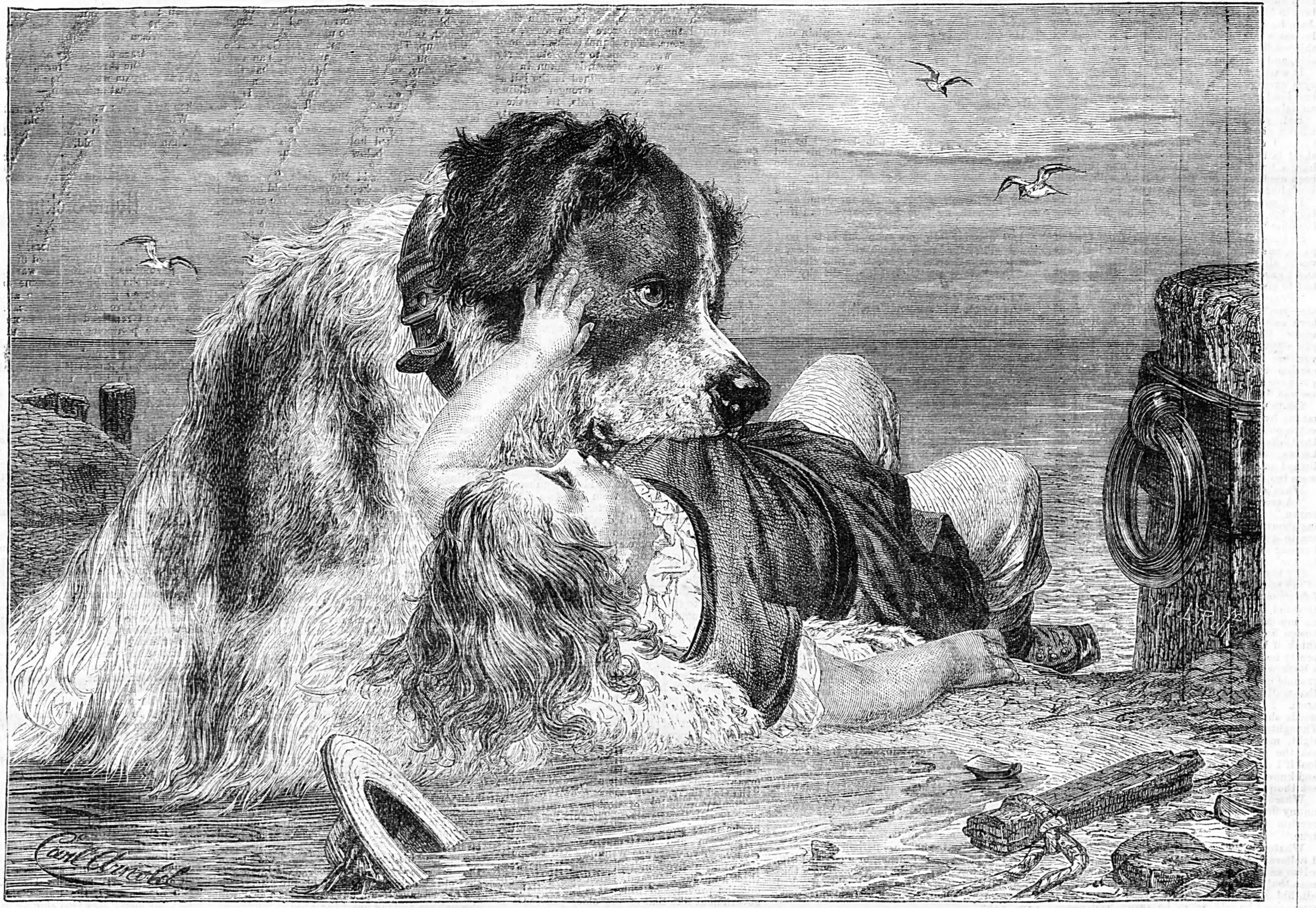
Jane ran for a chair, which was refused by a gesture. She brought a vinaigrette, but it dropped from Marian's nerveless fingers, and having but little faith in the efficacy of water, the girl ran away to ask Mrs. Darwin for a little wine.

As she quitted the room, Marian made another effort to shake off the sickness oppressing her. "This is madness," she told herself, trying to feel convinced of what she asserted. "Jane's tale has taken so strong a hold on my imagination that I fancy things that cannot possibly be. For Letty's sake I must conquer this impression."

She turned to the table and tried to put up the coat, and as she did so she strove to remember how Godfrey Darwin had spent the evening. He had followed her to the gate when she started upon her walk across the meadows; he was still standing at it when she climbed the stile leading into them, but he had been absent from home when she returned, and coming in shortly after had gone straight to his chamber, telling Letty that the excessive heat of the day had tired him. She could not reason on the improbability of a peace-loving, well-to-do, and keen-witted solicitor committing such a crime, nor on the motives that might have led to it; she could only stand there gazing on what seemed but too certainly to connect him with Mrs. Grant's death, until it flashed across her that Jane's report of her indisposition might bring Mrs. Darwin upstairs.

Letty must not be permitted to see this; and with unspeakable loathing, Marian compelled her unwilling fingers to disentangle the tress: then hiding it in her handkerchief, she hurried with it to her own room, and there locked herself in. But then the question arose what should she do with it? With scared and furtive glances she thrust the handkerchief and its contents into her desk, locked it, and, pulling out her old school trunk, hid the desk under the books and papers it contained, and pushed the trunk into the furthest corner of an adjoining closet. Then, with her face bowed on her hands, she knelt down beside her bed, at one moment to think how this could have been; at the next to banish thought and endeavouring to believe that after all it was but a horrid dream, which one glance into Godfrey Darwin's eyes would dispel; and finally to start up shrieking and sobbing hysterically when Mrs. Darwin's voice was heard at the door asking for admittance.

(To be continued.)



THE RESCUE.

THE

Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Lily of Cloudsley Vale," &c.

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CHAPTER II.

MR. ROLLA MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT ASHLEIGH.

With a quick glance around, an uneasy feeling of guilt at her heart, Mina joined the unexpected visitor.

He took both her hands, and looked at her fixedly.

"Why do you tremble, Mina?" he asked, with a low laugh, half angry, half sorrowful in its ring.

"Do I tremble?" she echoed. "I am sure I know not why. It is chilly, perhaps, and I am not well. I have been watching so long by the side of——"

He interrupted her here.

"I have heard of it," he said; "that is why I came to-night."

"What is it you wish to say, Philip?" she enquired after a moment's pause. "I must not remain here long. Reginald is here, and ——."

"Mina must be there to wait upon him," whispered her companion with galling bitterness in his tone. "Great heavens!" he continued fiercely — why are their elder and younger sons — the one sought after, fêted, caressed; the other despised, almost left to starve. I saw him," he continued; "he passed me in the carriage; I was on foot, and I cursed him for the clouds of dust his horse's hoofs sent over me."

Mina placed her hand upon his arm, and spoke in a firm voice.

"I will not listen to another word if you

(Continued on Page 8.)

Half and Whole Married.

I often get a thinking, as I sit here holding baby on my knee and watching the sea, and the sand, and my man's boat out in the distance, with him and his mate in it a fishing. I often get a thinking and a wondering whether you make your own life, or whether it's all made for you before you were born.

I know I didn't plan out my life as it stands now. 'Twasn't what I wanted. Though, mind ye, my man is a good man, and loves me. As good a man as ever lived, poor fellow. But what I planned out for myself was very different. You see, I was said to be a pretty girl, and I thought I could have my choice. And though my folks were only common sailors, Captain Clay used to come down to our house every evening, and who was there that he should come to see but me. Tall and dark, with curling hair and red cheeks, and a laugh that would have made you love him if you'd been blind and couldn't have seen his face. With ways about him no girl could help liking. Why, no wonder I fell in love with him; and then to be a captain's lady, and wear my silks, and live in a handsome brick house in town, when I wasn't sailing in his ship with him. Why, it was a step for a poor girl. Mind you, though, that didn't buy my love. It was him. It wasn't what he had.

I knew Jem had liked me all along. I couldn't help knowing that. How could I, with all his love in his eyes from sundown to sunset? Poor Jem, he was nothing but a fisherman, and when he was a boy, he'd met with some accident on shipboard that crooked his figure over to one side, and gave him a limp.

It wasn't an ugly face he had, though. His eyes were sweet, and he had a kind mouth, a real kind mouth had Jem, and there never came an ugly word out of it.

But, you know, to marry Jem, that wasn't what a girl would wish. Sorry for him she'd be, and all that; but it's beauty and strength she'd fall in love with; and then Jem would have a little common place just like that I'd been used to all my life, and his wife would work like other fishermen's wives.

If I could have my love and be captain's lady too, why who could blame me for taking the offer?

So when the captain came back from foreign parts, one time he brought me a ring that was worth all I had in the world besides and more, and I gave him a lock of my hair. It was all I had to give.

"Peggy," he said, "you'll keep faith with me—you'll not let any of the fellows about here cast sheep's eyes at you? Remember, when I'm on shipboard, I shall think of you night and day. And I'll be sure to know if you are not true. There's a sort of mesmerism between us, Peggy, and I'd know if you gave any other man a kiss, even if I didn't see you."

I didn't know—I don't know now—what he meant by mesmerism exactly. Some kind of witch-power, perhaps. There's Jane Drake at the Cliffs. *She* knows things that no one else knows. She told me my fortune just as it turned out in the cards, and rare dirty ones they were too, before I was a grown woman.

What's that she said?

"A cross in your life that may turn to be a crown." Is that so, I wonder? But she told me about the captain, and she showed him to me in a glass of water—him in his pea-jacket, keeping watch on deck, only his face was hid by his sou'-wester.

If I bide here any longer, I'll have the whole of my life running into my mind like a shoal of fish when the water is stirred. It's the sea and the sand, I think, and the still day and no work on my hands, and the baby's mouth at my bosom and his sweet little hand in mine. I think if I'd learned the trade, I could write a pretty book when I sit here so, sometimes—a a book with songs in it, like them Scotch ones grannie used to sing. There's one about a lady that walked in the wood with a baby in her arms. I could never rightly tell whether the words she said to it were wicked ones or not. Thoughts will come and words, but if you do right, may be God forgives. I've thought I'd ask the parson at times, but he'd think me a fool if I did; and if he could look inside of me and know what the thoughts were that made me ask the question, I'd feel shame.

Where was I? Ah, yes; he'd put the ring on my finger, and he'd told me about that mesmerism that would make him know if I was true.

Whatever it was, *I* didn't have it about him. I believed in him; and how many there are, wives and mothers and sisters, that believe in men that have the blackest things in their lives all hid away and covered over! I believed every word he said, when he swore he'd never loved any woman before—every word, every word. And, oh, how proud I was to wear his ring upon my hand, and to know that I was to be his wife so soon. I counted the days and the hours between the time he should come back and the days I lived through, as I made up my white dress with little ruffles all about the neck—a dress I'd saved all my money to buy, not to disgrace him when we went to church.

About that time Jem looked sadder than I'd ever seen him, and I got so sorry for him my heart ached; and one day I found him sitting on an old boat with his eyes full of tears, and seemed I must say something to him.

"Jem," says I, "I know your glad I'm going to be happy."

"Yes, lassie," says he. "Yes, Peggy, dear, for you to be happy is a wish of mine."

"And we'll be friends always," says I.

"Friends always, God willing," says he.

Then he looked at me kind o' like baby looks at me times when he's hungry.

"Peggy," says he, "when you was a little girl you used to kiss me. Give me one last kiss now, for good by like, for that ring makes you most a wife. Kiss me sort o' good-by, Peggy."

Well, that wasn't the sort of kiss my captain meant, and I gave it to him. There's a difference in the feel of kisses. That was kind o' somehow like a prayer; I can't tell how, but it was. And after that I felt sorrier than ever for Jem—soft and sorry, not scornful, as you feel sometimes when you pity. I felt it a good deal, as I sewed and waited—waited for my captain's ship to come in.

It came. Many a good ship went down in mid-ocean that stormy spring, but his came home, and our wedding-day came. We went up to church together, and all the people were there in their best. And ma'am and sir were fine and proud and happy. And Jem was there too. And I had flowers in my hair, and a veil he'd brought me from France—such a fine thing that no one there knew how fine it was but me, and that because he'd told me its cost. And proud and glad I was as I stood before the parson. And says he to me:

"Peggy, wilt thou have this man to be thy lawful husband—to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honour and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, cleave only unto him so long as ye both shall live?"

And says I, as I'd been told:

"I will."

And then some one behind me screams out:

"No you won't!"

And up through the crowd runs a lady—leastways she was a lady in dress and looks; but the rage she was in was like that of an angry fish-wife. Ah, well, lady or not, rage is rage, and she had reason for it, but then I thought her crazy.

"No you won't," says she. "He married me ten years ago. He's tried this twice before, but he's always found me at his heels. Young woman, whether you know it or not, that wretch is my lawful husband."

"That isn't true," said I. "Oh, my dear, say it isn't! She's lost her senses, poor thing."

"There are a dozen more maniacs outside to prove it," said she.

"Don't be brazen, young woman."

"Oh, it isn't true," said I, and I caught his arm.

"Hang her!" cries he. "It's true enough, but I thought she was dead by this time. I wish she was."

Then something came over me—a dizzy, blank feeling. I felt somebody take hold of me. It was Jem.

"Oh, parson, parson," cries I, "unmarry me, please. I ain't brazen, as she calls me. I didn't know. He said I was the only woman ever he loved. I believed it."

"Peggy, my child, you are not married," says parson.

And then they took me home.

He went away somewhere, the captain did, I never knew where or how. And God knows people might have pitied me, but my luck had been envied too much. It was "set a beggar on horseback" now, and the girls had a way of saying I was married to a married man. That was a dreadful lie to tell. And the parson had said I wasn't married, only just begun to be.

But, ah, I was grieved and I was ashamed, and, except ma'am and sir, nobody stood by me but Jem. Poor crooked Jem, with his kind mouth and his sweet eyes, he'd sit by me on the sea-sand, and he'd not feel ashamed to walk home from church with me. And then feeling sorry for myself, I felt sorrier for Jem, and, says I, honest and true isn't always beautiful, and he got to be a comfort to me.

And one day—ah, my man out in the boat there toiling for bread for me and mine!—one day we sat just here, and looked out at the sea, and the little waves glittered, and the sky was blue, and says Jem:

"I love you, Peggy."

And says I, "I love you, Jem."

And I did.

Says he, "Marry me then, my lass."

Says I, "A shamed thing like me, half married before to a married man!"

"There's no shame to the innocent," says he; "and I've only pride and joy in you, Peggy, dear."

So we were married.

Yes, we've been married five years. The other little one is off in the boat with his father, and I sit here watching for them, and I don't know what put it all into my head.

Sure I didn't make my life as it is. I didn't plan it out so. I planned to be a captain's lady, and live in a house in town, and have a handsome gentleman for a husband. And here I am a fisherman's wife, but I wouldn't undo it if I could. I know I wouldn't, for a year ago, as I was playing with baby Jem on the sand, who came up to me but the captain, brown and big and handsome as ever.

"Peggy," says he, and holds out his hands; but I didn't hold out mine. "Peggy," says he, I've come back to tell you that I'm free at last. She's really dead. I saw her die. I've come back to marry you, Peggy."

Just for a minute my heart stood still, just for a minute I forgot Jem and the baby and all. May be there is something in that witch-power he used to talk about that makes some people dangerous to you. May be he had it. I felt it creeping about me like the devil-fish's claws creep about a poor lost sailor that gets within their reach; but before it was too late I shook it off. I caught my boy up in my arms.

"He's my baby, captain," says I. "I'm a married woman, and by-gones are by-gones between us."

And he looked at me a minute, and knew it was so.

"Who is your husband?" says he.

"Jem," says I.

"Crooked Jim?" says he.

"He's crooked enough, perhaps," says I, "but it isn't a crooked heart, or a crooked life, or crooked ways that make him so. Those tha have them may stand ashamed when crooked is thrown at them. Not my Jem—not your papa, baby.'

Well, I've never seen him again since he strode off that day. And what's all this I've been thinking about? What's the matter with me to-day? Sure the gipsy's prophecy has come true. The cross has turned into a crown. And my man's boat is coming home over the water, with him and baby Jem in it; and if I've had a thought that I might have made a better life for myself, I hope the good God that has blest me so will forgive me.

Hitson's Cavalry.

Texas is, as probably every one knows, the greatest cattle-raising state in the union, and it is probably the most lawless place which was ever ruled, or pretended to be ruled, by a settled Government. Very great injury is caused to the stockmen by what is termed the Comanche cattle-trade; those Indians "running off" great numbers of cattle, and selling them to their white accomplices in New Mexico, who drive them into Colorado and Kansas, where they sell them at an enormous profit. But for the white portion of the confederacy, it is self-evident that the trade could not exist; the Indians might steal some for themselves, but the whites furnish them with arms, whisky, blankets, and money, and encourage them to make raids, until the loss is supposed to amount to ninety thousand head per year. The remedy is in the hands of the Government, who could make it illegal for herds, or, as they are always called here, "bunches" of cattle to cross the state boundaries excepting at specified posts, where officers would examine the vouchers, and pass them. Nothing of this kind being done, the aggrieved stockmen took the law into their own hands, and raised a force—which still exists, as the events I speak of are of to-day—under the control of Mr. John Hitson of Texas, himself a heavy sufferer by these robberies, and hence it is called "Hitson's Cavalry." This force is about seventy strong; the land-owner previously alluded to, and his two men, who shot the horse-thieves, being of the corps, and it carries everything with a very high hand. Without the slightest warrant, they stop herds of cattle wherever they meet them, and if any of the animals are marked with the brands included in their list—and they have the marks of more than eight hundred cattle-holders with them—they demand to see the bills of sale, and if these from any reason cannot be produced, the cavalry seize all cattle so branded. When these seizures are numerous enough to form a respectable herd, they are sent away and sold, half the proceeds going to their respective owners, and half to the captors.

Although it was self-defence which originated this organisation, yet it can easily be seen how likely it is to be abused, and, accordingly, we find the complaints of it bitter and loud. The papers declaim most energetically against the monstrous anomaly of a body of armed men in private pay, under no recognised authority, riding in all directions, seizing and confiscating under no control but their own will. At a small town called Loma Parda, four or five of these men rode into the plaza one evening, and demanded the surrender of a "bunch" of cattle which had recently arrived. The inhabitants, however, declared that these were the property of honest and respectable dealers, who had receipts for them, and so refused to give them up; the horsemen departed, threatening to return with reinforcements. They were as good as their word, for the next day at least forty of them entered the little hamlet, and proceeded to seize the cattle. Several of the principal inhabitants came to protest against this; but the cavalry shot two of them dead upon the spot—the postmaster, who was an American, named Seaman, being one of those killed—the rest of the villagers, being in no degree strong enough to cope with such a force, keeping within their houses until the cattle were taken away, and the men had gone. The sequel is this: some of the gang, who went about to complete liberty everywhere else, were afterwards taken in the Loma Parda district, and confined in the jail at Las Vegas, which is a much stronger building than most of the frontier jails, its weakest point being, that the jailer has only twenty dollars per month, paid in depreciated county warrants. Of course they all escaped, and now go about as openly as any men can do, taking care, no doubt, to avoid Las Vegas.—*Chambers.*

Fort Garry.

On the 30th July, we reached Fort Garry, built on an angle formed by the junction of the Assineboine with the Red River. That my readers may not be taken in at any time, now or hereafter, by the high-sounding title of fort, it is only fair to say that a Hudson's Bay Fort is a square of wooden houses or shanties—the houses of the agent and servants, the store, blacksmith's shop in some cases, &c., surrounded by a paling or stockades fifteen to five-and-twenty feet high; and sometimes with small bastions at the angles to afford flanking defence. Although such have, as a rule, been sufficient to afford protection from Indians, it is hardly necessary to add that they would excite the laughter of any modern Dugald Dalgetty, there being often a Drumsnab near, from which artillery, if the Indians only had it, could play on the doomed fort with deadly effect. However, there is no Drumsnab near Fort Garry. Far and wide the unbroken prairie extends away from the two rivers. Besides, as the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, the depôt for pemmican and furs, it was surrounded with walls of masonry, and at the more exposed angles, circular towers; while over the gateway two six pounders were mounted, looking in the direction of the little village of Winnipeg, that had struggled into existence half-a-mile out in the prairie to the rear of the fort. But all those defences amounted to precisely nothing when the Métis rose. Riel and his followers walked into the fort, despite the verbal protests of the officer in charge, and lived at free quarters all the winter, as they had never lived before. Had not Wolseley come on the scene, there they would probably have remained as long as the tea, flour, and pemmican lasted.

Before 1869, Winnipeg was considered a mere adjunct of Fort Garry, like a village that had grown up under the shadow of a castle in the middle ages, and which gradually passed from dependence into defiance. Since the collapse of the rebellion, and the organisation of the province of Manitoba (Angl., "the God that speaks,") it has grown with the customary rapidity of western towns, till it already calls itself a city. The fort has sunk to be the mere store or warehouse of a wealthy corporation and a temporary Government House. Two years ago Winnipeg had a population of about five hundred. Now it has between three and four thousand. Order reigns throughout the province of which it is the capital. A government like that of the older provinces is in good working order; courts of justice are established; the land difficulties of the half-breeds have been adjusted; the Indian title extinguished; a common school system well endowed with land; and now immigrants are invited to come in by thousands and tens of thousands, and take up free grants of rich virgin prairie soil.

Though the rebellion was contemptible, important results either way hinged upon it for the Red River may be considered the key or the door to the north-west. Had it gone, the whole would have gone, or been inaccessible except through the United States. To have shoved a wedge up along the river, from the boundary line to Lake Winnipeg, would have been just as easy and a good deal worse in its effects than the wedge shoved up into the heart of New Brunswick by "the Ashburton Capitulation."—*Good Words.*

INSANITY AND MARRIAGE.—Instances of sane intermarrying with actually insane persons are rare, observes a writer in the *Lancet*, but cases are by no means infrequent of sanity unconsciously allying itself with some member of a family satured with madness, or epilepsy, or some form of neurosis. As the writer truly remarks, a man's "selective common sense" is likely enough to guide him aright in buying a horse or a pig, but is silenced, being overmastered by unreasoning passion, in one of the most momentous phases of life. It does not occur to the parties who are proposing to themselves a new relation, which is likely to have consequences reaching far into the future, to inquire into the health antecedents of one another. And yet insanity is notoriously an hereditary disease, which ought to be regarded as an impediment to marriage. Were a table to be drawn up exhibiting the percentage of probability of insanity, or other serious nervous disorder, in children descended from parents having this hereditary taint, there is no doubt that a stronger case would thus be made out against such alliances than could be made against the alliances of blood-relations. The lesson, however, would go unheeded, and people would continue to "take their chances." According to the writer in the *Lancet*, the only effectual means of staying the transmission of hereditary mental disorder through such ill-advised unions ies in legislative action.

Facing Death.

The weather had been dirty for several days. As the heavens were obscured no observation could be taken, and we had been obliged to sail by "dead reckoning"—that is, we guessed our position from the log. Dead reckoning is not a very satisfactory mode of ascertaining a vessel's position, and as the navigation of this part of our voyage was rather difficult, the poor captain was very anxious. He and the officers were continually glancing heavenward to try to get a peep at the sun; but, as I have said, for days together there was nothing to be seen but heavy masses of clouds or banks of foggy drizzle. We steamed along, half-speed, a very strict look-out being kept. There was one wild rocky point which the skipper was very anxious to give us a wide berth as possible, and to make sure of this, as he thought, he instructed the officers to make a great allowance in the steering. We should have made land by this time, but hitherto none had been sighted.

When I turned in for my watch below, the sea was getting up, and I noticed the captain and chief officer on the bridge in very earnest consultation.

"There will be a gale blowing shortly," thought I, as I turned into my bunk in order to snatch four hours' sleep if possible.

I fell into a profound slumber as soon as I had put my head down. Just as four bells (2 a.m.) were being struck, I was hurriedly roused by the entrance of the chief engineer. His face was blanched with horror, and his tongue fastened, as he roused me up—

"Get up, Thompson—get up for God's sake! We are going ashore, man, and there's an awful gale blowing, and the cursed thing is that there is something got loose in the engine—something down below out of sight—and, if it is not tightened up at once, she will tear herself to bits."

"Why don't you stop her then and see what is wrong?" I asked half angrily; I have only had two hours below—that's four bells just gone."

"Stop her?" said the chief; "we can't! The engine *must* be kept going to hold her head to the sea, and keep way on her. We are drifting on a lee shore, in a gale, and if we turn broadside to the sea, or if the engine breaks down altogether, we'll be among the rocks and the foam in ten minutes."

I now sprang out of my bunk, and hastily dressed. While I was doing so the chief explained the situation more fully. *Some one* must go down and put things to rights, or all would perish. The difficulties and dangers of the task consisted in the fact that it must be accomplished while the engine was going, and all the while the ship was tumbling and kicking about in a most desperate fashion. Then again the engines were "racing" every few minutes—*i.e.*, when the propeller was raised out of the water the engine went at a terrific pace, owing to the resistance being removed. It was not pleasant to dive down into that hot hole among frantic machinery—the ship's jumping and tumbling about—and nothing to grasp but hot, slippery, oily iron, or steel bars—nothing to tread on but slippery iron gratings.

The chief was too old and stiff to go down—besides, as he remarked, he had a wife and children, etc. etc. He also remarked that I was not in that position. Further, he stated that I knew well enough that the third engineer had been ill for days, and now the fourth (who was a new hand) was either afraid or sea-sick—he said the latter.

Would *I* go down.

That was the question.

I thought of the bonnie lassie who had put her arms tenderly round my neck and kissed me when I said good-bye—I recalled the tearful tender glance of her loving blue eyes, and the tone of her sweet thrilling voice as she said, "Oh, Willie, take good care of yourself for *my* sake!"

Then I thought of my being hashed and mangled among the machinery below.

That girl was my betrothed wife, and her father had promised to bless our union when I was a chief engineer—*but not till then.* Jeanie and I knew him to be a man of his word, and Jeanie was a dutiful and obedient daughter, and so we waited and hoped. The chief seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for he held out his hand, and said, "If you manage this job, Willie, I'll back out—I've saved enough now—I'm tired of going to sea—and you'll be chief engineer next voyage. There is my hand on it."

I grasped his hand—I knew that I was sure of the first vacancy that occurred, and I knew also that old Craigton would keep his promise.

I braced myself up, but still I felt a chill run through me, and my heart throbbed in my throat for a minute.

But I felt as if this were my chance to obtain possession of Jeanie. It was the old feeling of chivalry—doing a daring deed for a woman's sake.

I stood on deck for a minute or two. The screaming blast of wind and the heavy clouds of spray acted like tonics. I soon gained complete self-possession, and descended to my desperate work. Old Craigton stood by to choke off the steam when the engines began to race.

Down I went—down into that hole where I had even less mercy to expect than in a lion's den. Taking my life in my hand, I descended to the depths—with the vision of a fair woman before me.

Soon I was in the midst of the turmoil—slipping, grasping, gasping, panting, perspiring at every pore. Sometimes my head began to reel, but by a strong effort I steadied myself. The whole thing was like a hideous nightmare.

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to detect the mischief—and I saw at once that it *could* be remedied, and also that it was quite time it should be. A few minutes more, and the nut would have been off altogether, and the engine would then have torn herself to pieces in two strokes. Bracing all my energies, I succeeded in applying my screw-key again and again. It required great quickness of hand to seize the second of time in which a turn could be given. I now found the value of my Clyde training. On the Clyde an engineer is taught all about the parts of an engine—he learns to do all that requires to be done in case of break-down. I now felt the value of this broad engineering education.

At length I succeeded in making all tight—just as my head began to swim, and my sight began to grow indistinct. How I managed to climb and scramble up again I scarcely know. Old Craigton and one of the firemen hauled me up part of the way by catching hold of my coat collar. When I got out on deck, I fainted and fell.

But now the engine could be worked firmly, and we were *saved*.

I did not do much more work during that voyage. I was utterly exhausted; my nerves were quite unstrung. But I got my reward.

When we came into port the passengers gave me a dinner, and presented me with this watch—read the inscription—and I was feasted and flattered till my head was nearly turned. The chief and the captain both spoke well for me, and I was appointed chief engineer to a new steamer which the company had just launched.

All these things were but means to an end. I grudged every minute that I was away from my sweet lassie.

I would not tell you all that we said and looked when we met—no, not for the world—for Jeanie then would never forgive me.

Well, I'll say this. When I clasped her in my arms, and felt her arms tightening round me, and when I felt her hot tears—well, well! Jeanie, I'll say no more.

We were made man and wife when I came home from my first voyage as chief. And in a few years the company gave me a good post on shore, with a snug salary.

So I'll go to sea no more.

And these are the bairns, two laddies and three lassies. Do you think that they take more after the mother or me? — *Cassell's Magazine.*

Dreams.

What do we call them? Idle, airy things
Broken by stir or sigh.
Or else sweet slumber's golden gauzy wings
That into heaven can fly.

What may we call them? Miracles of might.
For such they are to us
When the grave bursts and yields us for a night
Some risen Lazarus.

And if no trace or memory of death
Cling to the throbbing form,
And in a dream we feel the very breath
Coming so fast and warm,—

Then all is real; we know life's waking thrill
While precious things are told,
Ay, such a dream is even stranger still
Than miracles of old.

—*Charlotte F. Bates.*

Home-Sickness.

Nostalgia, or home-sickness, attacks chiefly young persons, and is observed most frequently among soldiers. During the wars of the Revolution and the Empire it became an epidemic, and produced great ravages in army-life. At St. Jean d'Acre it was complicated with the plague, and rendered it still more fatal. On board the pontoons at Cadiz and Plymouth, among the soldiers of General Dupont, it killed as many Frenchmen as the yellow fever. In Poland and Russia it aggravated all other epidemics. In 1831, the Twenty-First Regiment of Light Infantry, then in the Morea, received many Corsican recruits, several of whom died of nostalgia.

"Many cases," says M. Papillon, "observed at the hospitals and ambulances during the siege of Paris, were sad to behold." He gives one illustration which came under his own observation. On the 4th of January, 1871, the young Marquis de R——, aged twenty-four, a native of Finistère, entered the military hospital of the Bicêtre. He had varioloid and bronchitis, from which he soon recovered. Although his illness caused him little suffering, he was a prey to other preoccupations. He ate little, and passed his time in praying and weeping, repelling all amusement and consolation. On the 10th of January every pathological symptom had disappeared, but the wasting away had so increased, the moral depression of the patient was so disquieting, that the physician of the ward thought it his duty to admonish him in a friendly way. Two soldiers and an attendant were placed near him, who conversed constantly with him of his country and family in the Breton dialect. All these means failed. On the 16th, interrogated again by the physician, the patient sighed bitterly, and said, with tears in his eyes: "I know very well that I am going to die—you cannot prevent it. Would that I had never quitted Brittany! I was content, rich, and happy. My father died without ever having found fault with me, and left me to do as I pleased. I grew up, instructed by the curé, and I lived the careless, honest, and pure life of a Breton gentleman. Who could have told me that I should leave Finistère, and die upon a hospital-bed at the entrance of Paris? I felt, when I left Brittany, that it was all over with me. I was at Villiers, at Champigny; I did as the others, I fought; but God did not wish for me! If you knew how I suffer! I shall never see again my château, the woods, the flocks, my horse, my dogs! May God shorten my sufferings and pardon my weakness! Do not remain here—my last hour approaches, and I must prepare for my fate like a good Christian." The poor victim died on the 28th day of the same month.

There is a great difference in the prevalence of nostalgia among different nationalities. It finds the greatest number of victims among the French, on account of their love for their country, and the reluctance with which they leave it. The inhabitants of the western departments, especially the Bretons, the southern departments, and Corsica, are particularly predisposed to it. The Swiss also love their country, and leave it with regret. Nostalgia is not rare in Italy, especially since the conscripts are transported from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. The English and Germans emigrate more willingly. The English are preserved from the malady by their adventurous spirit, and it may be said that their country is in every place where the British flag floats.

It is also true that the less the degree of civilisation, the greater is the love for the native country. Savages, men of the grossest civilisation, and the most desolate climates, quit their country with great reluctance. A Laplander, carried to Poland, was seized with an insurmountable sadness, and only saved his life by a return to his inclement country. An Indian girl, Couramé, brought up in the forest, was adopted by a wealthy family. "Carry me back," she cried, "to the country where I was born! O my mother, have you forgotten me?" Couramé languished, wasted away, and at last escaped with some Indians of her tribe.

This singular malady seems to arise from a nervous affection of the organs of imagination and memory. The difference between this and other forms of madness justifies this view of its cause. Indeed, the nostalgic does not have senseless and extravagant ideas like the madman. He is not ruled by fear or terror of an imaginary evil, like the hypochondriac. Besides, the maniac and the hypochondriac preserve their health and flesh, while the profound sadness of the nostalgic produces fatal functional disturbances. The different conditions of insanity are hereditary, nostalgia is never so. Finally, its characteristic is, that it can be surely healed, when it has not proceeded too far, by restoring the nostalgic to his country.

Earth's Angels.

I never saw an angel,
Except the ones in books;
I don't believe a mortal
Knows how an angel looks.
We guess at something misty,
With trailing wings of white,
With amber tresses floating,
And garments strangely bright.

But I believe earth's angels
Walk here in mortal guise,
Though we discern but faintly
Through heavy-lided eyes,
Or see them as they leave us,
Who walked beside us here,
Their angelhood quite hidden
Because it lived so near.

I can remember angels
Who seemed like common folks,
Who wore old-fashioned bonnets,
And faded winter cloaks;
Who came when dire disaster
Crowned lesser home mishap,
Or younger claimants crowded
The dear maternal lap.

With curving arms wide open
To take the weary in,
With patient love to listen
To childish want or sin.
What better things could angels
For childish sinners do,
Then listen to their story,
And bid them promise new?

I think of fireside angels
Upon whose faded hair
There shone no crown of glory,
And yet the crown was there;
When tender love, true-hearted,
Forgave the wrongs it knew,
And patient voice gave answer
The days of trial through.

Ah, me! the childlike angel
Who beckons as I write!
Perchance I should not know him
In mystic robe of white.
He wears a school-boy's jacket,
And cap, and boots, to me,
As when we talked at twilight,
His head against my knee.

There are dear mother angels—
We each perchance know one—
Whose robes of better glory
Are daily being spun.
With loving hands to guide us,
With loving speech to cheer,
Said I not well, earth angels
Walk daily with us here?

—*Ethel Lynn.*

Literary Rambler.

WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

"I am not afraid of that, Mr. Keir," said the beautiful Irene St. John.

"Why do you call me Mr. Keir? Can we be real friends while we address each other so formally? Surely you are above all such prudery, or I am much mistaken in your character."

"I am not a prude, or I think so; yet the name by which I call you can make no difference in my friendship."

"But cannot you guess that I am longing to have the right to speak to you familiarly? *Irene*—it fits you perfectly. I never knew an Irene in my life before, yet I could not fancy you by any other name, for I learned to love its sound long before I had the hardihood to hope that its possessor would admit me to her intimacy. I shall be very jealous of our friendship, Irene."

"But why should you be jealous!" she demands, in a low voice. Her speaking eyes are cast upon the ground. He can only see the long dark lashes that lie upon her cheeks, and the golden glory of her head, while the sweet, soft notes of the music still steal in to fill up the broken pauses of the conversation.

"Because it is a sacred bond between us which no third person must intrude upon; and if it is a secret, so much the better; it will be so sweet to feel that we have anything in common. But if you admit another to your friendship, Irene—if I hear any man *daring* to call you by your Christian name, if I see that you have other confidants whom you trust as much or more than myself, I—I"—waxing fierce over the supposition—"I don't know what I *should* do!"

His violence amuses her.

"You need not be afraid—indeed, you need not; no one of my acquaintance would presume to act in the manner you describe."

"Then I am the first, Irene?"

"Quite the first."

"So much the happier for me! But I wonder—I wonder——"

"What?"

"Whether you can be content with such a friendship as I offer you; whether it will be sufficient for your happiness."

"How *exigeante* you must consider me!"

"Not so; it is I that deserve the name. Yet if—if, when we have grown necessary to each other—or rather when you have grown necessary to me—you should see some one whom you prefer—some one more attractive, more desirable than myself, and desert me in consequence—marry him, in fact—what shall I do?"—*Florence Marryat's "No Intentions."*

AMERICAN EDITORS.

Alcæus and Callimachus are nothing to the titles we bestow on one another when in good humour; if you will take us at our own valuation you need be under no concern for the future of American literature. As Colonel Diver remarked to Martin Chuzzlewit, when handing him the Rowdy Journal for his perusal, "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilisation and moral purity." The original Jefferson Brick has departed, no doubt, but he has left a family, and a numerous one, who have divided his mantle between them. Who is not forced to smile, sometimes, in the intervals of admiration, at the airs these gentlemen assume? as if uncreated wisdom had taken bodily form in their persons. They will allow us to know nothing which they have not told us? they give us epitomes of history after Tacitus, sketches of character after Clarendon and Kinglake, and systems of political economy as elaborate as Adam Smith's. And so positive, too, in all their knowledge! It should be the humble effort of a young student's life-time to acquire the omniscience of an American journalist under the age of thirty-five. "I wish I knew anything," said Lord Melbourne, "as positively as Macaulay knows everything," Why wonder that our American bishops at the Œcumenical Council easily agreed to the Pope's infallibility? Had they not seen an infallible chair in every one of the five thousand newspaper offices in their own country?—*F. B. Sanborn.*

MUSICAL CRITICS.

To the greater number of people there is no considerable difficulty in understanding what is meant by Pope's remarks about his contemporaries—or at least there was not any difficulty at the time the "Dunciad" was written; nor is there much that is unintelligible in Thackeray's allusions to Bulwer, nor in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" but with music the case is different. If one person writes a symphony in the Wagnerian manner, and any other let us say in the manner of Schumann, the number of people, either in England or America, who are competent, we will not say to tell which is which, but to say which composer is the most successful student of his particular style, is very small. How many people there are in England or America who have arrived at that point in musical education that they can tell when an instrument is out of tune, and where it is out of tune, what sort of a voice a singer has, and whether he or she sings true or false, we do not undertake to say; but the number of people who have any distinct tastes in music is unquestionably small, as may be inferred from the fact that the public will willingly listen to and applaud to the echo music of radically different and conflicting styles—apparently without being at all conscious that they are doing anything more than expressing their approval of what it is well known cultivated people ought to approve and try to encourage. But at any rate if the musical critic says of Wagner, that he is an ass and knows nothing of music because he introduces the trombones in a certain passage from which they might better have been left out, or ought to have introduced the triangle where he has introduced nothing at all, or objects to the peculiar characteristics of his harmony, or the want of relation between a first movement and a second, or a second and a third, he may certainly be right or he may be wrong, but we cannot feel the deep interest and pleasure in what he says that we do feel whenever the battle between the critics and the authors in literature begins to rage.

BULLS, BLUNDERS, AND MIXED METAPHORS.

Mr. Burton has pointed out how useful errors of the press are in the detection of plagiarists. Two workers in the same science may come to the same conclusions, but if there are the same typographical blunders in the second as in the first, we may safely set down the latter as a plagiarist.

Many of the blunders found in the daily press are due to the writers rather than the printers. Editors dashing off a hurried editorial article often make bulls. The London *Daily Telegraph* said that the Russian fleet was going to the Black Sea, "to take part in the autumn manœuvres next summer." A Bengal editor, writing in favour of the income-tax, hoped that "the Government will not repeat the blunder of killing the calf that laid the golden eggs;" a mixture of metaphor only equalled by the Vermont clergyman who took charge of the local paper for a week, and began a religious article, "When we look back upon the untrodden paths of the future we behold the footprints of an Almighty hand." The advertisements are often as amusing as the professedly "funny column." Witness this: "A spinster, particularly fond of children, informs the public that she wishes to adopt two or three, having none of her own!" And this: "Maria B., wife of Henry B., Esq. aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life." Perhaps she was a visitor of the hotel "to be kept by the widow of Mr. ——, who died last summer on a new and approved plan." And perhaps if the wife had died instead of the husband, his biographer would be horrified to find his "He was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife" altered into "He was hardly able to wear the chemise of his wife!"

Two lines of a well-known hymn—

> Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees,

were once changed into

> Satan triumphs when he sees
> The wicked saint upon his knees.

But this is surpassed by the message sent by a telegraph operator to a physician, "Come at once to see procession of Carrie Spencer's menagerie;" when it was repeated it read, "Come at once with prescription. Case of cerebro-spinal meningitis."

DISORDER AT THEATRES.

Disorder in former times was not confined to the audience behind the curtain. Beaux and belles engaged in loud conversation, which was often more entertaining to their neighbours than the play. A character in a comedy of 1697 declares that a "man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he makes so nauseous a figure in the side-box that the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play." Fops flirted with the orange girls. The gallery showed its humour by tossing bread upon the stage when Cleomenes or Jane Shore complained of hunger. The lackeys who preceded their masters to keep seats for them, or followed them to the theatre, were noisy and offensive. In 1679 some inebriated revellers, whose delicate moral and religious sense was outraged by hearing of the presence of the King's popish mistress at the theatre, invaded it with bare rapiers, pricking the frightened play-goers and throwing flaming torches on the stage. Three years afterwards two occupants of the pit climbed upon the stage to settle a difficulty, and fought till one was severely wounded. In 1717, a fellow in the pit was allowed to howl at an actress and throw filth at her, because she had resented an insult from him. A French visitor to England twenty years later, when the dramatic censorship had just been established, which the people resented by damning all plays allowed by the censor, describes the fury of the pit, exhibited by "frightful hisses and outcries," to be such that by his eyes alone did he know that he was among an assembly of beings, "who thought themselves reasonable." This turbulent crowd was composed of lawyers, who behaved as badly as "footboys at a fair." Fielding makes Sophia Western go home frightened from the theatre, because the two parties who had gathered, one to applaud, the other to damn a new play, got into a violent uproar and engagement. A numerous body of critics impatient to condemn any novelty frequented the play-houses. Riots were not uncommon. One at Covent Garden in 1801, which required the military to quell it, arose "from the monstrous practice of carrying spirits into the theatre." Garrick hired prize-fighters to put down disturbers of his performances.—*Galaxy.*

GEORGE AND DAVID GARRICK.—George, the brother of the celebrated David Garrick, was particularly attentive to him, and, on coming behind the scenes, usually inquired, "Has David *wanted* me?" On its being asked how George came to die so soon after the demise of his distinguished relative, it was answered "David wanted him."

The Ladies' Own Corner.

The following extracts are from the *Queen:*

COSTUMES FOR SEASIDE WEAR.

Dark blue serge costumes are still considered the best for seaside wear. The newest this season are made with a skirt trimmed with nine rows of black braid, and which I am glad to note is not long at the back. The tunic opens in front, but is worn closed with a row of olives in black passementerie. The edge of the tunic is trimmed all round with braid, and the front is also ornamented with brandebourgs of black braid, having at either end an olive of passementerie, and a tab of braid fastened to the olive, which falls loose. The bodice has a round basque, ornamented like the tunic, and the belt is of leather, fastened with a silver buckle.

PRETTY STYLE OF BLACK SILK DRESS.

The following is a pretty style of making a black silk dress. The faille skirt clings very closely to the figure, and is trimmed in front with two plaited flounces, and at the back with five, while above them there is an arrangement like a puffed hood. It is a new style of panier, which, being tightened beneath under a large ribbon bow, produces precisely the effect and form of a hood. This serves to keep out the basque sufficiently, without the addition of the stiff ugly tournures satirically named "dress-improvers." The tunic is made either of Spanish blonde, or of guipure, or of black lace embroidered with jet; but for durability there is nothing like the tunics of fine passementerie, made in alternate stripes of plain and jetted gimp. The black faille bodice has a short round basque, and a jacket to match the tunic is worn above it. The tunic is tied at the back, and falls in two points at each side of the puffed hood. A very wide ribbon is fastened in the centre, and forms the sash. When skilfully arranged, most stylish effects are produced with this sash; sometimes a wide white ribbon is used with good result, and others have a checked ribbon, which is also stylish for an afternoon toilette.

TOILETTE FOR A SMALL DINNER PARTY.

The following is a pretty, fanciful toilette for a small dinner party. The skirt is eau de Nil faille, trimmed with plaitings; above it is a very long tunic of écru Chambéry gauze, striped with brown. This tunic describes two wide sash ends at the back, and is ornamented with a mixture of deep Valenciennes lace and fine embroidery upon écru batiste. There is also an embroidered flounce of écru gauze between the two plaitings in the eau de Nil skirt. The wide scarf-ends at the back of the tunic are fastened up in full puffed loops, and a wide eau de Nil sash floats in the centre. The plain bodice is eau de Nil faille, and above it there is a Marie Antoinette fichu of écru gauze, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and embroidery.

INVALID COOKERY.

Lemonade: Peel a fine lemon as thinly as possible, and let the peel lie for half an hour in a quart of cold filtered water; then add the strained juice of the lemon, remove the peel, and sweeten to taste with lump sugar. Capillaire, or simple syrup, is very good for sweetening all invalid drinks, and is useful for a variety of purposes. To make it, to take a pound of the finest loaf sugar, and drop it in four lumps at a time into a pint and a half of boiling water; let it boil gently, removing every particle of scum as it rises, until it begins to thicken and assumes a golden tinge. When finished, it should be perfectly bright and clear, and if well made will keep a long time. It should be put away in small bottles, and be well corked. Provision should be made in families for supplying lemonade at any moment. This may be done by putting the peel of lemons when cheap into a bottle, and covering them with gin, draining away the liquor when it has stood a month, and bottling it. This can be used to flavour lemonade with citric acid, which is perfectly wholesome. A syrup can be made of the juice of the lemons thus: Add half a pint of strained juice to a pint of capillaire made as directed above, and allow both to boil together for an hour. If care is taken to remove all scum as it rises, the syrup will be clear and bright. Put away in small bottles closely corked, and it will keep for years. A little of this syrup, with a few drops of the extract of lemon peel, makes a delicious and refreshing drink.

Apple Water: Wash three or four fine sharp apples, and bake them slowly until done; then break them up, put into a jug with a quart of water, stir up briskly with a silver spoon, and allow it to stand an hour or two. Strain through a fine sieve, and sweeten to taste. Lemon flavouring may be added.

Black Currant Jam Water: Put two tablespoonfuls of the jam, with a pint of water, into a perfectly bright tin saucepan, and allow them to simmer for half an hour; strain it, and if for a cold take it as hot as possible. When required to allay thirst, the drink will be given cold. In cases of sore throat a tablespoonful more jam will be used. This method of making jam water is better and more economical than merely pouring boiling water on the jam.

Linseed Tea: Boil gently for two hours 2oz. of linseed in a pint and a half of water with a little lemon peel shred finely and an ounce of barley sugar. Strain, and add enough lemon juice to make it agreeable. This is useful for a cough, and should be taken warm. Spanish liquorice may, if liked, be boiled with the linseed.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Cucumbers must have steady bottom-heat to produce fine fruit. It is a common fallacy that when the weather becomes warm the beds may be left to cool down, but it is rarely fine fruit are cut from frames that are never lined after the first heat is out. Keep a moist atmosphere, for cucumbers never thrive in a dry air.

Lettuce: This useful salad is too much neglected after the early part of the season, through the tendency of the plants to bolt in hot weather. This may be prevented by planting in a rich cool soil, and giving some amount of shade. Sow now and thin early, and let the crop stand without transplanting.

Potatoes to be frequently hoed between. A dressing of wood-ashes and guano between the rows of the main crops now will considerably increase the produce, especially on sandy or chalky soil, where disease rarely appears; on moist loams and clays it will be less safe and less necessary. As fast as the crops are taken off, trench and manure for broccolis, cauliflowers, and winter greens.

Leeks to be planted out in rows, nine inches apart every way, in very rich moist soil.

Sow last crop of broad beans, Walcheren broccoli, early York and collard cabbage, kidney beans (dwarf and runner), lettuce for succession, any early kinds of peas, radishes, and turnips. Keep the hoe in active service between advancing crops.

Artichokes are now coming to table in plenty, that is to say, where they are grown, which is in very few places. As the heads are cut the plants must have attention; cut the stems off to the ground, remove dead leaves, fork over the soil, and lay on a heavy dressing of half-rotten dung. If wood-ashes are at command, cover the dung with a thin layer; they need not be watered, for at this season the heavens will soon supply them with plenty, and the labour may be saved.

Asparagus: Any more cutting of this crop will ruin the plantations. Where the beds have not had much attention, let them be at once pointed in with a fork, all weeds raked off, and the surface covered with a mulch of half-rotten dung. Manure rotted to powder should never be used as a mulch—there is no strength in it.

Broccoli must be got out to furnish a supply during autumn. Manure liberally, and, if the planting is done in dry weather, give water as abundantly as possible. Better, however, to get the ground ready and wait for showers, both to save labour and to give the plants a better start for a free and natural growth is especially requisite with broccolis and cauliflowers. Transplant from the seed bed to a piece of rich light soil the plants from the late sowings. Small clubs just appearing on the roots may generally be removed with the thumb-nail, but, where clubs are formidable, from the size of the plants, throw the plants aside and burn them.

Cauliflower: Plant out, and remember that for this crop the soil cannot be too rich; they will actually grow well in dung only, if well rotted. Hoe between those coming forward, but do not earth up the stems, except of such as are loose at the collar.

Celery requires a heavy watering where the ground is dry. If the fly has attacked the leaves, pick them off and burn them; generally a few leaves only are touched, and they can be spared. But as no crop will bear to be entirely disleafed, where the grub has got the upper hand, it will be in vain to expect much produce. Dustings of soot are useful to protect celery

Winter Greens to be planted out at every opportunity. It is most important to get out good growths of Brussels sprouts as early as possible.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Roses require now to be pruned back, and have a mulch and plenty of water to assist the autumn bloom. Half-ripe shoots of most of the perpetuals may be struck now, with the help of a moderate bottom-heat. Buds to be entered on briers with discretion; if either the buds or the shoots to be entered on are in a soft state, they will not take; the bark must be firm, or the work cannot be done properly. One night's heavy rain will do more to perfect the stocks and scions than a week of artificial watering. Roses strike from cuttings now with great certainty.

Chrysanthemums require liquid manure now and frequent sprinkling overhead. Tie out as fast as the side-shoots break, for if they once harden out of shape it is no easy matter to restore them to a proper form.

Flower Beds need a slight hoeing before the plants meet, and the subjects that require pegging should be kept regular betimes, and especial care to be taken to get plenty of shoots on the north side of every plant, leaving the south side to take care of itself, which it is pretty sure to do.

Hardy Shrubs of all kinds may now be propagated by layers or cuttings, the latter preferably, and the smaller the better if the shoots are firm.

Hardy Herbaceous Plants of all kinds may be propagated now from seeds and cuttings. See to antirrhinums, pansies, mimulus, dianthus, iberis, corifolia and sempervirens, arabis of sorts, especially those with variegated leaves, and dielytras, though these increase rapidly by parting the roots.

Rhododendrons: In all cases, unless seed is wanted (and generally it is of no use), the dead trusses should be removed without injury to the young shoots. If seeds are allowed to ripen the growth is checked, and there will be less bloom next year. As to the young growth, generally speaking, it is best to let it grow in its own way; there is no shrub so orderly in its habits as the rhododendron; but where the growth in any one direction is irregular, the knife may be used now to cut it back, and it will be best to cut to the old wood in such a way that it will break and fill up any gap caused by the pruning.

GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

Greenhouse Herbaceous Plants, such as cinerarias, primulas, heliotropes, herbaceous calceolarias, &c., must have frequent attention now. Get seedlings pricked out into pans or singly in thumb-pots; shift cuttings and rooted suckers; sow calceolaria and cineraria to succeed the first lot; a moist, cool, shady place will bring them on, and as they gain substance they must have more light and air. Use for all these plants a light rich compost, in a sweet and friable condition.

Conservatory will require air night and day, unless there are many stove plants, in which case shut up while the sun is on the house. Use water in plenty, and liquid manure wherever it seem to be required. Free-growing, soft-wooded plants may be assisted now by placing the pots in pans of water, and sprinkling the paths morning and evening.

Winter Flowers must be thought of now. Propagate euphorbias; repot and propagate poinsettia pulcherrima; give salvia splendens another shift; set out in the open air solanum capsicastrum and callicarpa purpurea; put all potted shrubs for winter blooming in a cool moist bottom for a month, then remove them to a sunny position under a wall or fence, to hasten he ripening of the wood.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Nick-Nacks.

A GENTLEMAN was once arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped. "I tell you what, ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction." "Not open to conviction, sir!" was the indignant reply; "I scorn the imputation, sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

THE following editorial paragraph is taken from a country paper: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend, who has lain in his grave for many years for his own amusement."

SOME time ago a party of seven or eight left this county for a big fish and hunt on Tennessee River. Among them was Colonel Matt M'Kinney, formerly a member of the Legislature, and extensively known in the State as a genial companion. He was a lover of "seven up," and for want of better amusement, the first night proposed his favourite game. No one in the party volunteered to play save Pete, the old negro cook, with whom, as a last resort, the colonel consented to play. The rest of the party went to bed, and left them at it on a log. About twelve o'clock one of the party, Major Mallory, happened to rouse up, and heard the colonel say, "Pete, you had that jack; what did you do with it?" "Clar for goodness, Mass Matt, I hain't got it." "Yes, you have," replied M'Kinney. "Take off your clothes; I know you have it. Off with that coat! roll up them sleeves!" Pete did so, but no jack. The colonel then took up the "deck" to see if all four were there. "Clar for goodness, Mass Matt, if dat jack ain't in de 'deck,' it's loss out." It was not there. Next morning, Mallory and old Pete being alone down the river, the former asked him where the jack was. "Well, boss," says Pete, "you see, from de way Mass Matt was leadin', I knowed he was gwine ketch it, so I swallowed it!"

NOSE-BLOWING IN GENEVA.—Mrs. Barbauld, in one of her letters written from Protestant Geneva, says: "Will you hear how they pass Sunday at Geneva? They have service at seven in the morning, at nine, and at two; after that they assemble in parties for conversation, cards, and dancing, and finish the day at the theatre. . . . As soon as the text is named the minister puts on his hat, in which he is followed by all the congregation. At proper periods of the discourse the minister stops short and turns his back to you to blow his nose, which is a signal for all the congregation to do the same; and a glorious concert it is, for the weather is already severe, and people have got cold."

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in Missouri visited recently a place where a certain church-militant preacher was in the habit of holding forth once a month, and certain young men were in the habit of disturbing the meeting. Being a rough man, he so roughly reprimanded them that they threatened to thrash him the next time he should come. He heard of this, but came at the regular time, and after preaching said:

"I have heard of your threats. Now, if any of you think I won't fight because I'm a preacher, just try me—just come on (striking his fists together). "I will fight any man of you, or any two men, fists or skulls, pistols or knives. There are as many pistols for me as for any of you. If you don't like my preaching, I can whip you; just come." The missionary planted a Sunday-school there, and was not molested by the young men.

LEE wrote the tragedy of "Alexander" while in Bedlam. One night, when he was employed upon it by moonlight, a cloud passing along covered part of the moon, so as to make it almost dark, when Lee exclaimed, "Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" No sooner had he spoken, than the cloud instantly covered the whole face of the moon, so as to make it quite dark; when he exclaimed again "Ye envious Gods, ye've snuffed it out."

ANECDOTE OF SHUTER.—This excellent comedian was once in disgrace with the audience, in consequence of irregularities; they demanded an apology. Shuter was somewhat tardy, and a lady was going on with her part; but, the audience calling out "Shuter, Shuter," the arch comedian peeped from behind the curtain, and said, "Pray do not shoot her, the lady is innocent; the fault is entirely my own." This put the house in good humour, and Shuter was received with applause.

"W. A. C.," writing in *Notes and Queries*, wishes to know the authorship of the under-quoted verses on wedlock. Perhaps the authors were just as wise to keep themselves anonymous:

> "Let not thy passions' force so powerful be
> Over thy reason, soul, and liberty,
> As to ensnare thee to a wedded life,
> Ere thou art able to maintain a wife."

> "Though wedlock by most men be reckoned a curse,
> Three wives did I marry for better for worse;
> The first for her person, the next for her purse,
> The third for a warming-pan, doctor, and nurse."

> "Wha weds for siller, weds for care;
> Wha weds for beauty, weds nae mair;
> But he that weds them baith thegither,
> Content wi' ane, enjoys the ither."

LORD BROUGHAM once referred to "the masses," but the *Times* report made him say "them asses." So good a political weapon as a misprint did not escape the grasp of Mr. *Punch*, who in 1840 printed this pungent paragraph. "Erratum in the *Times*. For 'though Sir Robert Peel is the ostensible head, the Duke of Wellington holds the reins of the present administration,' read 'the Duke of Wellington holds the brains of the present administration.'"

"JOHN," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yoursel', meenister?" "Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Verra true, sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

I ONCE paid a visit to Cupid incog,
Believing he'd ne'er find me out,
Laid before him a case; but ah, the sly dog
Knew too well what I was about.

Said I, "I've a friend who has seen a fair maid,
Quite lovely, but frigid as ice;
And as for his peace I am somewhat afraid,
I have ventured to ask your advice."

"Well, write me her name," the young urchin replied,
"Distinct, on the shaft of this dart!"
When 'twas done, "Here's my answer," he gleefully cried,
And plunged it deep into my heart.

—*J. F. Martin.*

CAPTAIN GRONOW, speaking of Dr. Goodall, says: "This gentleman was proverbially fond of punning. About the same time that he was made Provost of Eton he received also a stall at Windsor. A young lady of his acquaintance, while congratulating him on his elevation, and requesting him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation, happened to touch his wig with her fan, and caused the powder to fly about. Upon which the doctor exclaimed, 'My dear, you see you can get the powder out of the canon, but not the ball.'"

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.—When Edmund Kean paid his last visit to Ayr, his performance of "Othello" happened to be the subject of conversation in a shop. A butcher who was present asked very gravely whether Mr. Kean spoke all he said out of his own head, or if he learned it from a book? Being told how the thing was, he objected against paying to hear a man repeat what every person who could read might do as well for himself. This objection was met by some one observing that the actor "did not only recite the play, but he delineated the various passions which belonged to the character." "Passions!" exclaimed the butcher, with a sneer of contempt, "gang to the fish market if ye want to see folk in a passion! That's the place for passions!"—*Scottish Anecdotes.*

THE
Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

(Continued from Page 5)

speak thus of your brother. Who is to blame for your present condition?" she continued rapidly. "Ask yourself the question, Philip Ashleigh. Is it because you are the younger born, or are there other reasons why you are denied your father's house? If only one-half of what we hear be true, surely Reginald has acted righteously in refusing to hold any communication with you."

What *have* you heard?" he enquired grimly; "a hundred different versions of the same old story, I make no doubt. I have been extravagant, eh, Mina? have rebelled against the parsimony of my father; have gone out into a world of which you respectable folks have no knowledge. Is that the charge?" he continued, laughing lightly.

"I made none, Philip," Mina replied more gently. "I know of nought but the one thing that angered your father the most. I pleaded for you," she added very earnestly; "but for answer he placed in my hands a letter, so cruel, so dreadful, that even I recoiled and could say no more."

"A letter!" enquired Philip, turning deadly pale. "Mina, to whom was it addressed?"

"To Mr. Mount, of Bedford-row, Philip, asking for money."

"Go on," he gasped; "the rest."

"Oh! can you ask me?" she rejoined. "Shall I recite the shameful story? Cousin Philip," she continued, "I would have sent you the last shilling I had in the world; but to trade and speculate upon poor uncle's death, it was so heartless, so unlike my cousin of other happier days."

"And that letter reached my father!" he exclaimed. "Oh! Mina, there has been foul play here. Mr. Mount would never have sent it to him, of that I am sure. I *did* write it; but I was desperate—not for myself, but for another—one dearer to me than all the world. I see now," he muttered lowly, "whose hand has struck this blow, and when I *do* meet him again, may heaven have mercy upon him, I will have none. The fiend," he ejaculated fiercely, "how I hate him."

"He walked away and struck his brow with his clenched hand, his lips trembling wofully meanwhile.

"I must go now, Philip," said Mina, timidly, "already I doubt not I have been missed."

"Stay," interrupted Philip, hurriedly. "I have just a few more words to say, and then you will not see me again until dad is buried. You know, Mina," he continued in a low trembling tone, "Reg and I were good friends enough till you had grown up into womanhood."

Mina put out her hands and her face grew white as marble.

"Don't refer to that, Philip. Let the past be forgotten. I did you no wrong."

"No, no, Mina; but let me have just one little word; be just, if you cannot be generous with me. Heaven knows I shall not tax your patience long or severely."

He turned away in deep emotion, and Mina stepped towards him and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

"Speak, Philip," she whispered, "I cannot bear to see you thus."

He faced her, and wiped his brow with his hand in the old reckless fashion she remembered so well.

"It is not much I have to say, cousin," he began; "and such as it is, I do not intend it as an excuse for, or justification of, my conduct; but *ché sará sará*—what is to be will be, Mina, and I suppose you were not to blame. You know," he continued, softly, "when I came home from college, and father had paid my debts, if I wasn't a saint, at all events I hadn't many vices. I wasn't a drunkard then, as I am now, dear; I cared nothing for drink—simply nothing. Well, to make a long story short, Mina, Reg and I both fell in love with you. You have not forgotten that night by the hawthorn hedge, I suppose, cousin, when you broke my heart, as I thought then?"

"Philip," interrupted Mina, warningly.

"Oh! I will not hurt your feelings, dear. I have survived it, if I have not forgotten it. I can look upon you now as though I were a brother."

"That is well," she said with a grave smile. "I am so glad of that."

"Wait till you hear the finish of my story, Mina," continued Philip, almost roughly. "You remember in my haste I quarrelled with Reginald?"

She nodded in reply.

"I hated him then," he resumed, "and I placed to *his* account your rejection of me. I saw you loved him, and sometimes I was unjust enough to fancy his position had something to do with it. Mind, I do not think so now, but I did then; and I was mad when I left that day for London. My father opposed my going; Reginald supported him, and I (as if I could content myself at Ashleigh Grange under such circumstances) defied them both, and rushed off to town. Mina," he continued feverishly, "I cannot place before you the life I led for that first few weeks; but there is one thing I must tell you, dear cousin—something that will appeal, I am sure, to your woman's heart. *I am married.*"

She sprang from him, and gazed at him in wild afright.

"Married, Philip!" she gasped—"married—married to whom?"

"Not to a lady," he replied in a defiant tone; "but to the best and noblest, the most unselfish creature that was ever created. I met her in the world to which she belongs. For years, by her exertions at the theatre, she had supported her poor old mother, and though she was but a ballet girl.

"Stay, Philip," interrupted Mina, "are you serious? In earnest truth, have you married a dancer?"

"Certainly," he replied hotly; "a dear, good virtuous girl—a lady in heart, if not in manners. It was to get money for her—my poor little Netty—that I wrote that accursed letter which found its way down here so mysteriously. You see, Mina dear," he continued gently, "I have her to dream of now, and I can forget how much I cared for you once—for when I think of Netty, all the world seems to fade away, and leave her alone for me to gaze upon. Ah! Mina, it is a strange life I have led of late; cruel things have been said of me and of her too; but if I can get out of this tangle—if my father has not quite forgotten me, I will take Netty away from the cold foggy city, and settle down. I will have a cottage in the country, Mina—pure good air, healthy walks, and I will live for her and the baby we hope for."

"Philip," gasped Mina, "if that letter had never been written, you might have hoped; but now—now—"

"Well," he interrupted, "what now?"

At this moment a voice checked the reply that trembled on her lips.

It was Reginald calling.

"Mina, Mina, I wish to speak to you. Where are you, dear?"

"Go," whispered Mina; "go Philip; it is Reginald; he must not see you. For my sake, go."

"Good bye," he tenderly said, "I shall come to the funeral."

He stooped under the branches as he spoke; and Mina hastened to the front of the house.

"How cold you are, dearest," remarked Reginald, drawing her hand through his arm.

"Yes," she answered, "perhaps I am; I feel so desolate and oppressed."

Great tears were stealing down her cheeks, and her lover regarded her anxiously.

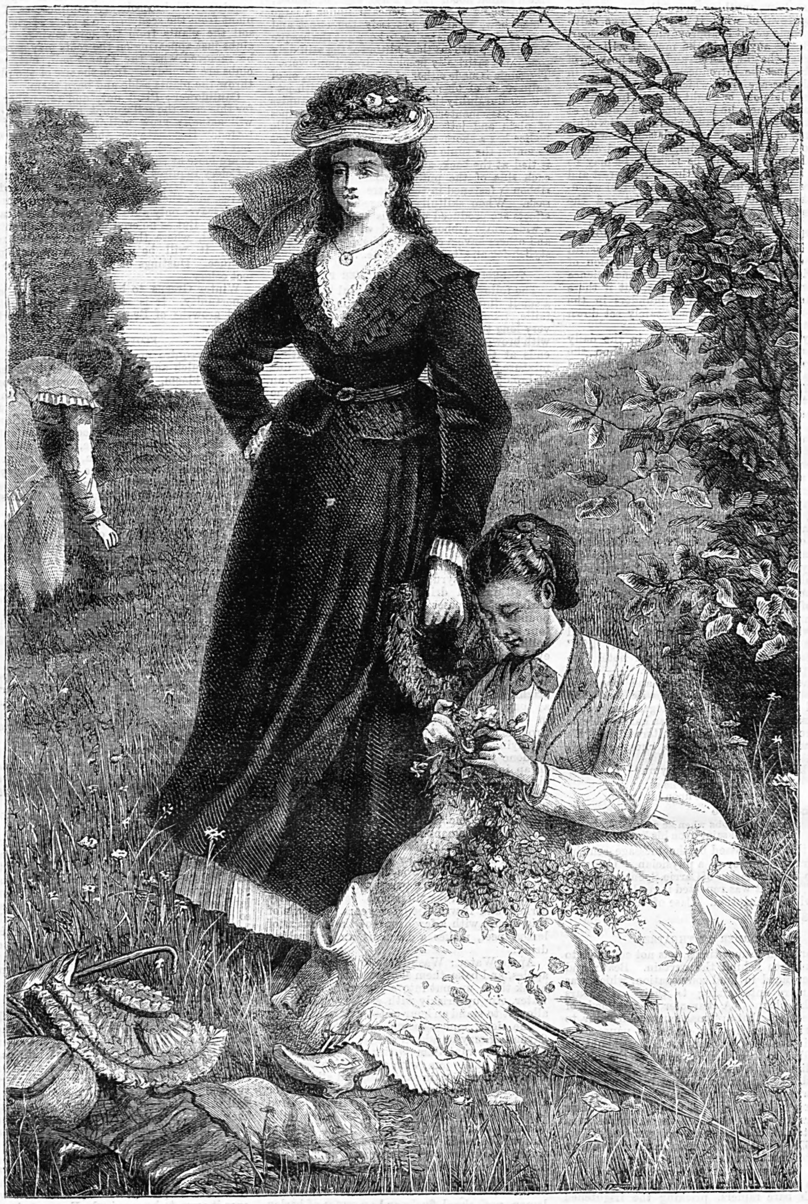
"What is it, Mina?" he asked gently.

"I have been thinking of Philip," she answered. "Oh, Regy, dear, what can be done for him?"

"I do not know," he replied. "I have heard news of him, Mina, that has curdled my blood."

"What news?" she timidly asked, as she thought of what she had just heard from Philip himself.

"He is married, dear, and such a marriage!"



MAKING FLOWER WREATHS.

He shuddered and trembled.

"What is to be done?" Mina ventured to ask.

"I know not," he replied. "It is enough to rouse his father from his death-sleep; but I cannot discuss the subject even with you. I will do what I can for him; but this I do know, we cannot receive his wife."

He spoke desparingly, and Mina pressed his arm.

"I do not know," she said evasively. "Dear Reginald, we must not think of that now; and I am so cold."

He pulled her shawl round her tenderly.

The action was eloquent of silent love, and without another word he took her indoors.

Meanwhile Philip Ashleigh strolled through the familiar woods. Ah! how familiar the scene was to him!

He stopped beneath a giant oak. There were his initials he had carved in times gone by, with "M. L." worked in to form a monogram. There the traditional heart, a little warped and out of shape now with the growing of the bark.

He took off his hat, and held out his trembling hand.

"My curse, my curse!" he cried out in bitterness of spirit, "I shall never overcome it, I fear. Would that my right hand had lost its cunning ere I had taken to the drink. Look not upon the wine when it is red," he muttered.

Then he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and placed his hand upon his quickly-beating heart.

For a moment he stood drawing deep gasps of breath; then from an inner pocket he took a bottle, and raising it to his lips drank a long and eager draught.

And all this time an unseen watcher followed every movement with greedy eyes of hate.

"I shall conquer you, Philip Ashleigh," he muttered—"shall yet be able to work out my vengeance. Patience, patience, Nat Rolla," soliloquised the attentive spectator, "and you shall yet play a part in real life, more full of incident than you have ever shown upon the stage. Will the part be melo-dramatic or tragedy? Who knows?"

He crouched down and peered forward as Philip moved on; then followed with cautious tread, all his features aglow with anticipation of coming triumph.

Through the wood, over the meadow by the keeper's house, Philip plodded steadily on.

He stayed here a moment, and looked around, and still Nat Rolla followed as his shadow.

Philip could not help it, but as he glanced at the cottage where he had been so often welcomed in the times gone by, a moisture hid it from his sight.

Still onward, till the cross-roads were reached, he continued his walk.

Here was the only inn in the neighbourhood—"The Ashleigh Arms"—a comfortable old-fashioned hostelry, famous for its good beer and covered skittle-alley.

Philip entered, and called for the landlord.

"How d'ye do, Wilkins?" he cried, as mine host came forward pipe in mouth.

"Mr. Philip! God bless you, sir," responded the inn-keeper. "Step into my parlour. Good lor', how pleased I am to see you, to be sure."

Philip held out his hand, which the other clasped almost reverently.

"I have some friends still I find" he said feelingly. "How are the youngsters, Wilkins?"

"Hearty, sir, hearty, sir, thankee," returned the landlord: "Hope you are well, sir. Dancer is in the tap-room, sir," he continued smilingly; "he is always a chattering about you, sir."

"Call him in," said Philip, "I have known him ever since I was a young toddler."

"And he will be glad to see you again, sir, I'll warrant," the host remarked as he left the room to call in the old gamekeeper, Dancer.

The grey-haired veteran came in, hat in hand.

"Bless you, Mr. Philip," he said; "how often me and my old dame have wished you back again. I longed to see you."

A tear twinkled on the old man's eyelids, for Philip had been his favourite for many a year.

Soon the three were seated together, with the best beverage the landlord's house afforded before them; and thus the evening was passed, Philip drinking very hard indeed.

Closing time came, and the host fastened the shutters.

"I suppose I can stay here to-night, Wilkins?" Philip observed.

"Surely, sir, surely," answered the landlord.

There was a knock at the door at this juncture, and mine host turned to the keeper.

"Dancer," he said, "that gentleman with the black moustache and close-shaved cheeks *was* to have slept here to-night; now it's impossible. Can you take him home wi' you?"

"Aye," answered the keeper heartily; "I have a spare room, if he don't mind the howlings of the dawgs."

With this the landlord went to the door and informed the visitor—who was no less a personage than Mr. Nat Rolla—of the new arrangement.

That worthy observed that he cared "nought for howling dogs that bay'd the moon," and was perfectly satisfied.

Old Dancer at once joined him, and soon the two were wending their way towards the keeper's cottage, Mr. Rolla cunningly plying the now talkative old man with questions relative to Ashleigh Grange.

What he gleaned from the tipsy, garrulous old man, appeared perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Nat as he bade his host "good night" at the door of the spare room allotted to him.

"I must be in town to-morrow for that last rehearsal," murmured Mr. Rolla, as he contemplated his features in the little mirror by the side of his bedroom window, "and then I will return for the funeral."

He laughed silently with intense enjoyment as he spoke, then jumped into bed, and presently was fast asleep.

In the morning when the keeper returned from his stroll in the woods, he found his guest walking the garden paths, attended by a couple of pointers with whom Mr. Rolla seemed to be on the most intimate terms. He held in his hand a manuscript, from which he read wildly, his hands being raised, his features distorted, while now and again, with a short run and leap, he declaimed violently, and in a loud excited voice.

The old keeper listened for a few moments in spell-bound wonder, as peering through the hedge he caught a fragment of the words that were being uttered with such startling vehemence.

"Release you from your vow, give you up to him, the man I hate! Never; never. Ha! ha! ha!"

The expression on Mr. Rolla's countenance was so demoniacal, that honest Dancer recoiled in terror.

Luckily at this moment the temporary occupier of the spare room caught the wondering looks of the old keeper.

"Ah! good morrow, sir," he cried, "'methinks I scent the morning air.'"

"Morning, sir," returned Dancer, somewhat hesitatingly. "Glad to see you so cheerful; that mignionette has come on rarely, and smells beautiful."

"Ah," smiled Mr. Rolla, "I see; you are no Shakesperian."

"No, sir, I beant," said the puzzled keeper; "but I know one thing: I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

"Breakfast it is then," shouted Mr. Rolla, thrusting his manuscript in his pocket. "On, Dancer, on, and I'll speedily follow; for the perfume of mushrooms salutes my nostrils with a grateful odour."

"Sartainly, sir," said the keeper gravely; "they is of that kind, I believe, for I plucked 'em myself."

That Mr. Rolla enjoyed his breakfast of mushrooms and bacon few can doubt; and the meal over, he enquired the nearest way to the railway station.

"I shall see you again, friend Dancer, and your admirable dame too," he gleefully said, putting a half-sovereign into the keeper's hand, "and when I do we will fraternise, will make merry—make merry—ha, ha, ha! Madame, my thanks — my everlasting and abiding gratitude."

With these words, and a smile that showed every tooth in his head, Mr. Rolla departed briskly, and was soon hid from view.

"A queer customer," soliloquised the keeper, thoughtfully, spinning the half-sovereign in the air.

"A perfect gentleman," rejoined his wife; "clearly a man with a good and generous heart."

So Mr. Rolla departed, and Mr. Philip Ashleigh remained at the inn.

Several days flitted by, and the time came for putting his father underground in the vault of his ancestors.

It was a glorious autumn morning; and from the echoes of voices calling each other by name in friendly greeting, it might have been a festival to which the tenantry was invited rather than to a funeral.

It could be no worse under the new landlord; the hope was, it might be better for them; and so no grief was shown, either on the part of the farmers or the labourers.

But amid all the grandeur and pomp, there were two of all that company who (shabby as they unquestionably were) looked on with a keen and watchful interest.

These were Philip Ashleigh and Mr. Rolla.

The actor was back again in his old quarters, slinking away until the shadows of night fell, but ever and anon speaking of the grand pageant to come to Dancer, the keeper.

And Philip, still unable to resist the fascination of the liquor he had grown to love so dearly, kept on his way, to the great joy of the landlord of the "Ashleigh Arms," but to the detriment and destruction of his guest's understanding.

It was the day of the funeral, and a telegram had reached Philip from Farmingham, the market town, to which, in his half-sentient condition, he paid no heed.

It was very simple—a few lines only.

"Come to us, dear," it ran; "Netty has a baby boy."

He had started towards the station in the morning; but as he passed the crowd, wending their way to Ashleigh Church, he turned again, and brushing his shabby raiment, placed a band upon his hat, and mechanically followed the crowd to Ashleigh Grange.

(To be continued.)

Leech-Gatherers.

The medicinal leeches are chiefly fished for by practised professional leech-gatherers, a people *sui generis*, and who stand out from among the peasantry of their districts as a decidedly "peculiar people."

They obtain the leeches by wading in the pools and marshes of the country or district, the animals adhering to their limbs, and making their presence known by the sharp bite so familiar to those who have been subjected to the operation of blood-letting. But habit becomes a second nature, and the leech-gatherer does not mind the petty annoyance of his craft; and having obtained a sufficient number, he returns to land and, with a certain art acquired by long practice, detaches the leeches, and once more goes a-fishing.

The leech-catching community of Continental districts presents, as a whole, a peculiarly hectic or anæmic appearance. The people are pale and sallow—a condition probably determined by the nature of their avocation; and this appearance is said to be hereditary, and to be even witnessed in the descendants of the craft who do not pursue the trade of their fathers.

The after-treatment of the leeches is quite as important as their capture. When prepared for export, they are packed carefully in wooden tubs containing moist clay. Each tub contains about 2000 leeches, and during the voyage or transit, the leeches are carefully watched and tended, the sick, dead, or dying being removed from the tubs, and the health of the community being thus insured.

Statistics of the leech-traffic gives us enormous quantities as the consumption in the various cities of Europe and America. Thus Paris alone is said to use 3,000,000 leeches every year; whilst London imported, a few years ago, about 7,200,000 annually. Such quantities necessarily represent very large sums of money.

The chief sources of supply of these useful animals are the countries and districts of central Europe, which have Hamburg as an exporting town; but the midland and South of France, Spain, and Portugal, and Russia also contribute to supply the demand.

In some of the Cumberland lakes officinal leeches are still to be found; but as in other matters relating to animal economy, the cultivation of these forms has never been attended to, and the British species have nearly died out.

Wordsworth mentions this latter fact in his "Excursion," where he relates his meeting with the leech-gatherer, who said:

———"that gathering leeches far and wide
He travelled: stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.

'Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay,
Yet still I persevere and find them where I may.'"

— A. Wilson.

Two young girls of the sewing fraternity, or sisternity, were stitching away for dear life, when one broke the dreary silence by wishing they were dead. "Be still, and work hard," said the other; "*business before pleasure*, you know."